

*The
Rosenberg
Letters*



THE
ROSENBERG
LETTERS

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CONTENTS

Foreword by Canon L. John Collins	7
Introduction	9
I Arrest and Trial	11
II Death House	20
III Children's Voices	41
IV Appeals—Lower Courts	69
V Appeals—The Public	80
VI Appeals—Highest Court	97
VII Waiting	103
VIII Clemency Denied	120
IX Appeals Renewed	130
X Final Rejection	148
XI The Last Letters	168
Appendix	172

Petition of Ethel Rosenberg for Executive Clemency; Letter of Dr. Harold C. Urey; Letter of Professor Albert Einstein; Letter of the Association des Rabbins Français; Letter of Vincenzina Vanzetti; Letter of Paul Villard; Letter of Sidney Silverman; Letter of Central Committee of the League of the Rights of Man; Letter of Justice James H. Wolfe; Letter of Rabbi Meyer C. Sharff; Letter of W. C. Hueston; Statement of Dr. Bernard M. Loomer; Letter of Louis Aragon; Letter of the Very Rev. C W. Chandler; Statement of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Cable of Twenty Israeli Rabbis; Letter of Jean-Paul Sartre; Letter of Charles E. Raven.

IF WE DIE

*You shall know, my sons, shall know
why we leave the song unsung,
the book unread, the work undone
to rest beneath the sod.*

*Mourn no more, my sons, no more
why the lies and smears were framed,
the tears we shed, the hurt we bore
to all shall be proclaimed.*

*Earth shall smile, my sons, shall smile
and green above our resting place,
the killing end, the world rejoice
in brotherhood and peace.*

*Work and build, my sons, and build
a monument to love and joy,
to human worth, to faith we kept
for you, my sons, for you.*

ETHEL ROSENBERG

OSSINING, N.Y.

FOREWORD

These personal and intimate letters of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg speak for themselves. They are a poignant witness to the immeasurable depths of suffering which can result when ordinary men and women get caught up into the maelstrom of fear, cruelty and hysteria arising out of the interplay of political tensions in our modern life. Despite the streak of "propaganda" in some of them, they are for the most part a testimony to human endurance, human courage, and family love. And they are a sword to pierce the hearts of all of us who boast of our belonging to a "free world" with Christian foundations. For these reasons, and for the sake of the two little boys made orphans by our tolerance of the wicked and un-Christian practice of capital punishment, I earnestly hope that these letters will be widely read and their significance heeded.

The Rosenbergs may or may not have been guilty of the crimes for which they were indicted—there are grounds for doubt; and they themselves, to each other and to their friend Emanuel Bloch, over and over again protested their innocence. It would, however, appear, particularly from the later letters, that they were, if not Communists, infected by Communist thought and expression. But those of us who are opposed to Communism will do well to remember that we shall not defeat what we oppose by methods out of keeping with those principles in which we ourselves profess to believe. I myself strongly resent the political implications of what they say, particularly the references to "American Fascism" and American war-mongering. But

it is the tragedy of "McCarthyism" that it lends strength to such misunderstandings. And any sensitive person will not, I think, allow these echoes of "the party line" to deafen him to the deeply personal appeal of these letters. For, though we may detest the political views of this man and this woman, what we chiefly learn from their letters is of their own endurance and courage in face of suffering, of their personal dignity, and of their deep love for each other and for their children: and this surely must be a challenge to all who seek to foster in the world Christian and humane relationships in personal and corporate living.

The world is full of orphans; inarticulate and helpless victims of man's inhumanity to man. Deliberately, intolerantly, cold-bloodedly, two more have been added to their number. Shall we go on demanding such a crime against humanity for the expiation of a sin, however great, however well authenticated? There ring in my ears the words of Caiaphas: "It is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."

It is my hope that these letters will play a significant part, not only in providing material aid for these two orphans, but also in helping mankind to learn the lesson once and for all that it is futile to try to combat evil with evil. Not protracted processes of legal torture, not hideous outrages against human personality, not these which are blasphemies against God, not these, but only forgiveness and love can root out evil from our midst and bring to humanity the peace, the joy and the happiness we all so much desire.

L. John Collins

CHANCELLOR,

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

INTRODUCTION

Julius and Ethel Rosenberg first came into public focus in August, when, after their arrest, they were indicted by the United States authorities on a charge of having conspired to transmit atomic secrets to the Soviet Union. They protested their innocence from the time of their arrest to the date of their execution, almost three years later, on 19th June.

Unknown to each other, Julius and his future wife spent their childhood in New York's East Side. They met in and after their marriage continued to live, until the time of their arrest, in the East Side district with their two sons, Michael now aged ten and Robert, now six years old. In

Julius Rosenberg became a partner in a business dealing in surplus war stores, and was engaged in this occupation until the spring of

After their arrest in the summer of the Rosenbergs were brought to trial in March, before Judge Irving R. Kaufman and a jury. Defence lawyers for the Rosenbergs were Emanuel H. Bloch (who is referred to in the letters as Manny) and his father, Alexander Bloch. On March 29th,

after an eight-hour deliberation, the jury found the Rosenbergs guilty of conspiring to commit espionage, and on April 5th, they were sentenced to death by Judge Kaufman.

An appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States was lodged in but on October 13th, the Court refused to review the case. An appeal for clemency was then sent to President Eisenhower supported by Professor Einstein and other scientists, and three thousand clergymen of twenty-six

denominations. The President refused to intervene, and a new date was set for the execution.

In March, 1953, a stay of execution was granted pending a new appeal to the Supreme Court. However, on May 25th, 1953, the Supreme Court again refused to review the case, this time with Justices Black and Douglas dissenting.

The execution date was then refixed for June 18th. An attempt was made to obtain a stay of execution, based on new evidence, including alleged perjury by prosecution witnesses, but the Court of Appeal rejected the application. This rejection was confirmed on June 15th in the U.S. Supreme Court by a vote of five to four.

On June 17th, Justice Douglas, who had been one of the four dissenting judges, agreed to consider new evidence and granted a stay of execution. The full Supreme Court was recalled from summer recess, and by a vote of six to three, reversed Justice Douglas' decision, and set the execution date at June 20th.

During the case, pleas for clemency were made by public personalities and private individuals all over the world. Pope Pius XII informed the President of appeals made to him by Catholics, while President Auriol of France made last minute representations to President Eisenhower. In many countries Rosenberg Defence Committees sprang up as a result of widespread interest in the case.

The decision to carry out the execution on June 20th aroused widespread protests, since this date was a Jewish Sabbath. As an unexpected result, the date was changed to June 19th, and at 8 p.m. on that evening, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg died in the electric chair.

As a background to the legal battle for the lives of the Rosenbergs, a world-wide controversy developed. Some day the story of that controversy may be written into the history of the Rosenberg case; in the meantime, the letters which follow present the voices of the Rosenbergs as two human beings talking to each other and to their friend from the silence of their separate cells.

I

ARREST AND TRIAL

DEAREST JULIE,

This will have to be brief as it is now close to 1.00 a.m. and my eyes ache for lack of sleep.

Just got through hanging the clothes as Mike didn't get to sleep until 11.30. Have an awful lot scheduled before I see you again. The accountant is coming in Thursday. Received a number of bills, two of which are telephone bills. How long can I wait to pay bills?

Love you darling, miss you and can't wait until Sunday, when I'll be able to visit you—in prison. I can't believe it yet.

Best from your two boys, who never stop asking for you. It's all so strange without you, my dear one. Goodnight,

Ethel

DEAREST JULIE,

Finally got your letter this morning. First to take up the practical matters. *Dun and Bradstreet* came in. Letters already have been sent out to their subscribers cutting you off from any more credit. The accountant will be in next week. I'll be in the shop tomorrow early and will make calls to various accounts and try to get them to pay up.

I assured Charlie that if and when we decided to close the shop doors he'd receive enough notice not to be left jobless suddenly.

Gladdy (her brother, Bernie's, wife—Ed.) has responded well to the new treatment. Oh, how wonderful it would be if a real cure could be effected. So far she hasn't found out about you, which is all to the good.

Poor Mike, he simply can't see why he shouldn't be permitted to see you or at least talk to you by phone. And he keeps repeating that I shouldn't neglect to tell you how

much he misses you and loves you. Robby, too, asks for you constantly and I have all I can do not to break down continuously.

Please, darling, do take care of yourself and be assured of how much I am trying to justify your faith in me. I miss you terribly, though. How much I love you. See you Sunday,

Ethel

MY DEAREST JULIE,

By now you must know what has happened to me and why I am writing from the Women's Prison. Darling, I wish I could say that I am cool, calm and collected, but the fact is that although, contrary to newspaper reports, I have not been hysterical at any time—I have shed many anxious tears. I won't be seeing you on Sunday. My heart cries aloud for you and for the children.

I never got around to discussing arrangements for them, I had been planning to this week, so that the kids should be subjected to as little strain as possible in the event I was detained. I must confess my mind does leap ahead to frightening possibilities for them. I guess I will feel lots better after I see Mr. Bloch (Emanuel H. Bloch, attorney retained by Ethel to defend Julius—Ed.). By all means, sweetheart, if you have any ideas, please communicate with our lawyer and write me.

Oh, my dear husband, how precious were those last few hours I was permitted to spend with you.

It's now 8.00 p.m. and we are locked in for the night. The window faces out on Greenwich Ave., I believe, and I can see the windows of a large apartment house across the street.

It seems that I'm only permitted to write you once a month, but today I spoke with Capt. Hubbard, who said she would consider my request for more frequent correspondence.

Sweetheart, I talk with you every night before I fall asleep and cry because you can't hear me. And then I tell

myself that you too must be choking with the same frustration. Darling, we mustn't lose each other or the children; mustn't lose our identities.

I try to think of the good fine life we've led all these years, and I am agonized with my longing to go on leading it.

All my love and my most devoted thoughts to you, my dearest loved one. Please write me as soon as you can.

Ethel

DEAREST SWEETHEART,

It's 7.15 and I'm in the recreation room. I've showered and washed my things and hung them to dry. At 7.30 I'll be heading for my "house" (that's what the girls call their cells) and at 8.00 they'll lock us in for the night. Lights out by 9.00 and up the next morning at 6.30.

I received two letters from you. You must write telling me whether or not you received mine. Then I'll know the kind I wrote is acceptable. Although Capt. Hubbard has granted me permission to write you once a week, this is no guarantee that the letters will be allowed through.

Your second letter came when I was in sorest need of it. In the main I would say that I'm taking the situation fairly well, but there are times when I'm terribly blue and depressed. Saturday was just such an unhappy day. Sunday was a little better because a great part of the morning we spent at Protestant and Christian Science services, and I had the opportunity to sing. Incidentally, it took them just a few days to realize I could sing, so almost every night now I receive various requests. One morning at breakfast I was surprised to hear a number of girls in corridors other than my own, away across the hall, express their appreciation.

Last Friday I attended the Jewish services, which were all too short. The Rabbi intoned the prayers beautifully.

During the week there is more to take up one's time. There's visiting, commissary, an hour on the roof in the afternoon, and yesterday as I came down I was told to go to social service, and there Mrs. P. sat, bless her. (Mrs. P.

was a social service worker from the Jewish Board of Guardians—Ed.). She told me that a very good homemaker is now helping my mother and that Michael has been coming to see her—Mrs. P.—very willingly. Last week she took him home in a cab after getting him a sandwich.

Hope I get to talk to you in court today, darling. Love you.

Ethel

MY DARLING JULIE,

Even though we were able to spend some time together the day we went to court, it seemed to me later that there were so many other things I might have said. So let me say them now. Yet, I couldn't ever say enough—what pride and love and deep regard for you I feel. There comes to me such an abiding sense of faith and joy, such a sure knowledge of the rich meaning our lives hold, that I am suddenly seized with an overwhelming desire to see you and say it to you and kiss you with all my heart.

Sweetheart, we must go on pouring out all that we feel towards each other in our letters. How frustrating it is, though, to have only this means of communication. Last Wednesday already seems long ago and I can't wait for our next meeting.

I saw Mr. Bloch on Monday. On Tuesday, your sister Lena and your mother came to see me. Only Lena was permitted to visit me, but I waved to them both through a window while I was waiting for the elevator, and I know it reassured your mother to see that I looked my own healthy, cheerful self. In the main, darling, I am healthy and cheerful, so please try not to worry about me. Incidentally, the clinic doctor examined my back last week and sent a report to the head doctor. It shouldn't take too much longer before I get to see her. (Ethel suffered from a spine curvature—Ed.).

Let me congratulate you properly, my "lord and master" on your prowess as a chess player. But your wife is no

slouch, either. Don't dare tell her, but I am knitting a lovely green sweater for Mrs. P. Now, how's that! Love you, sweetheart,

Ethel

DEAREST JULIE,

I have been informed they are not holding up the mail this end. If I were you I would check there; I don't see why there should be all this delay for one measly letter per week.

Did Mr. Bloch mention my suggestion concerning Michael's education? In a way it's a little too early to mention it. After all, we don't know where the children will be placed, and there might not be the kind of school we wish for Mike available.

Of course, I understand about foster-shelter and am in complete agreement with you. I, too, have been distressed—incensed—over the pressure the children are being subjected to, and can't wait for the situation to change. I have been making notes concerning the various needs of both children and the kind of handling they have been used to. I find it a very satisfying way to spend my time. Some of the desperate need to be with them and care for them is relieved as I write, and knowing our wishes are sought after is heartening.

Would that the visit with the children you speak of so easily could be as easily accomplished. Of course, do all that is in your power to make any arrangement possible.

Dearest, they'll be putting the lights out soon and then I'll be alone with you. So I pretend, anyway. Oh, how I miss you and long to be in your arms where I belong. Goodnight, darling,

Ethel

MY DEAREST JULIE,

I've received two more letters from you. Oh, sweetheart, to think our sweet, lovely Gladdy is gone! Even though I'd been expecting it, I was shocked when the lawyer told me. I don't think I even really believe it yet; it just hasn't quite registered, even though my eyes ache with weeping.

Thank you, dearest, for your beautiful words. Love you,
Ethel

MY DEAR SWEETHEART,

From the above date you will note that my birthday has come and gone. With all that you have to plague your mind and spirit, you still managed the card and telegram. I am rich in your steadfast, unfailing love. It helps me endure the heartbreak of our separation and that of the children.

Each morning before rising I fight down a sense of desperation, an ineffably bitter longing to see them, an insane impulse to shriek aloud for them and for you. And then I remember, for instance, how you looked, how you sounded in court last Monday, and am conscious of a deep humility which serves not to lessen my pride in my own self but rather to feed and strengthen it.

Got a letter from the children yesterday and a card sent in their names by my dear Bernie. It was wonderful to see Michael's name in his own writing. But it hurt to know that my dear Gladdy would send no birthday greetings again. Lovingly,

Ethel

JULIE DARLING,

Since we saw each other yesterday, I've been walking around in a fog. It was difficult, even when I was back in my cell for the count and had changed into my usual duds, to realize that I was no longer with you. The all-too-short periods we occasionally spend together only sharpen my hunger for you. Do you know how very dear you are to me, sweetheart?

Miss B. (a social worker— Ed.) visited me on Thursday. From all she said about the shelter, I feel encouraged about the children's future situation. She is seeing them today and will try to see you Monday.

Life takes on new hope, new meaning every time I see you. Painful as each goodbye is, there is for me a sense of

taking hold, of coming to grips with hard circumstance, which stimulates and nourishes me. Your loving wife,

Ethel

MY DEAREST,

* I feel so remiss over my emotional behavior today, please forgive me. This situation is playing havoc with me where the children are concerned. Think of it, it will be eleven weeks this Friday that I last saw our children. Unbelievable, unthinkable, heart-stopping. What have we done to deserve such unhappiness? All our years we lived decent, constructive lives.

Oct. 28.—I awoke at 4.30 a.m. to hear a mouse squeaking almost in my ear, it was so close. A few hard bangs on the spring and he scampered out into the corridor, where he proceeded to protest loudly, but to no avail. No one else seemed anxious to invite him in. The damage was already done, because try as I would I could not get back to sleep.

Usually I am able to prevent thoughts of the children and our shattered home from taking full possession of me, but today I fought a losing battle. After lunch I buried myself in my newspaper while a drumming headache began to annoy me. On the roof I played one of my rare games of catch with a couple of girls in a desperate attempt to shake it. All in vain. For several hours I was on an uncontrollable crying jag, and my head felt as though it might burst. My best friend, for whom I had done the very same this morning, ministered to me with cold compresses and stern admonitions to stop crying—thus causing it to get worse instead of better. As you can see, it was just one of those delightful days in jail!

My buddy just finished giving me a shampoo and my scalp is tingling. Altogether I feel a good deal refreshed and ready to dig in for some solid writing.

Do you know how dear you are to me? Oh, please, honey, be strong for me—I need you so to be strong for me. Lovingly,

Ethel

DEAREST,

I am way behind with my letter to you this week. Somehow, when our Friday visit is over and done with, the walls really take over, and I feel like the weekend has swallowed me.

Today I wishfully got dressed as for court and sat myself down to await word from the marshal. At 10.30 a.m. I was informed I wasn't due to go after all. So, off went the clothes back onto the hangers, down went the sheets on the bed, and off went your disgruntled wife across the corridor to another cell in a huff, feeling like an awful dope! After griping and chewing the fat a while, I decided to "enjoy" the rest of the day.

After lunch, the up and coming athletic star of this jail went up on the roof and hit three home runs. It is wonderful to punch a ball and run and enjoy wind and sun. I look at the animated faces and know a keen delight, and a sharp pang. How good, how sweet, the warm feeling of simple pleasures shared. How strange to share them in this building of walls and bars.

The one saving grace of this place, I must say over and over again, is the fact that there are such genuinely nice folks in here.

Honey, let's go home. I miss you and the kids so dreadfully—What shall I do? Hold me close to you tonight, I'm so lonely. Many, many kisses, *Ethel*

ETHEL, MY DARLING,

You are truly a great, dignified and sweet woman. Tears fill my eyes as I try to put my sentiments on paper. I can only say that life has been worthwhile because you have been beside me. I firmly believe that we are better people because we stood up with courage through a very grueling trial and a most brutal sentence, all because we are innocent.

It's very difficult for people who are uninformed, or else have no feelings, to understand our stamina. Our upbringing, the full meaning of our lives, based on a true amalga-

mation of our American and Jewish heritage, which to us means freedom, culture and human decency, has made us the people we are. All the filth, lies and slander of this grotesque frame-up will not in any way deter us, but rather spur us on until we are completely vindicated.

We didn't ask for this; we only wanted to be left alone, but we were framed—and with every ounce of life in our bodies we will fight until we are free.

I think of you constantly, I hunger for you, I want to be with you. It is so painful, such a great hurt, that it can only mean that I love you with every fibre of my being. I can only repeat over and over again that the thought of you, all the happiness you brought me as a wife, more than compensates for this pain. Sweetheart, I can't let go of you; you are so dear to me. If you are able to take from me just part of the sustenance you engender in me, I am sure you will have the strength to withstand the hardships that face us.

I had a wonderful letter from Michael and it moved me very deeply. I promptly wrote, reassuring him of our love and answering his questions on a level he could comprehend. I told him we were found guilty and explained about the appeal to the higher courts and let him know everything will come out all right finally. I told him how very much we want to see him and how we are making every effort to get permission from the court to have a visit with them. On the whole I think Michael will be able to understand.

I did not tell him of our sentence. I said we will tell him all about our case when we see him. It all seems so unreal—to be separated from our children—but the steel bars are very real. I eat, sleep, read and walk four paces back and forth in my cell. I do a lot of thinking about you and the children.

My family is 100 per cent behind us and it encourages me. I know as time goes on more and more people will come to our defense and help set us free from this nightmare. I caress you tenderly and send all my love. Your own,

Julie

II

DEATH HOUSE

MY VERY OWN DEAREST HUSBAND,

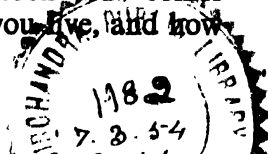
I don't know when I've had such a time bringing myself to write you. My brain seems to have slowed to all but a complete halt under the weight of the myriad impressions that have been stamping themselves upon it minute upon minute, hour upon hour, since my removal to the Death House here. I feel a sharp need to share all that burdens my mind and heart and so bring to naught, make invalid the bitter physical reality of our separation.

As you see, sweetheart, I have already embarked on the next lap of our history-making journey. Already there appear signs of my growing maturity. The bars of my large cell hold several books. The lovely, colorful cards (including your exquisite birthday greeting to me) that I accumulated at the House of Detention line the top ledge of my writing table to please the eye and brighten the spirit. The children's snapshots are taped onto a "picture frame" made of cardboard, and they smile sweetly upon me whenever I so desire. Within me somewhere, I shall find that "courage, confidence and perspective" I shall need to see me through the days and nights of bottomless horror, of tortured screams I may not utter, of frenzied longing I must deny! Julie, dearest, how I wait upon the journey's end and our triumphant return to our precious life! Darling, I love you.

Ethel

DEAREST ETHEL,

I received your wonderful letter this afternoon from Ossining. Frankly, I've been impatiently awaiting news from you. Whenever Manny (attorney E. H. Bloch—ed.) comes he tells me all he knows, describing how you live, and how Sing Sing affects one as sensitive as you.



Darling, your removal to Sing Sing is a cruel and vindictive action. But we agree that the Justice Department will not succeed in its campaign to pressure us physically and emotionally into letting ourselves be used as pawns for political purposes.

Your letter showed, despite emotional shock and your first sense of being almost overwhelmed by those surroundings, a marked clarity and steadfastness. It is certainly remarkable that at this early date you have begun to organize yourself. Your perfectionist passion for detail will stand you in good stead!

Now that you have made yourself as physically comfortable as possible, I suggest a very strict schedule of reading and writing, and a course of self-study, music, or otherwise. This is the only way to overcome these hardships and at the same time maintain one's own equilibrium.

If our lawyers do not succeed in bringing you back to the Women's Detention House at 10th St., I will move heaven and earth to be sent to Sing Sing to be nearer to you. I beg you not to try to sway me from this decision as this is what I must do.

This single letter of yours is indelible proof that you are a tremendous person and have the courage and perspective to come through this hell with flying colors. My wife, I stand humble beside you, proud and inspired.

It is impossible to keep the truth and facts of our case hidden from the public. Sooner or later the true picture will become known. Many people already have expressed to our lawyers and my family their desire to help us. Take heart and know we are not alone.

The monstrous sentence passed upon us, which at first stunned people, will result as time goes on in an avalanche of protest, and this, coupled with our legal fight, will set us free.

Sweetheart, I am not trying to minimize all the difficulties you face—believe me; I am fully aware of the nightmares, the pain and the hurt you feel. I want to shield and protect

you, to be with you and hold you in my arms. Yet I feel sure of you, and that sureness is the assurance that we will some day return to our precious life and wonderful family.

In a couple of days the Passover celebration of our people's search for freedom will be here. This cultural heritage has added meaning for us, who are imprisoned away from each other and our children by the modern Pharaohs.

Try not to worry too much about our sons; everything possible is being done for their welfare.

Ethel, you are just my girl, and nothing on earth can change that. Always your very own,

Julie

DEAREST ETHEL,

Good morning! It's 8.15 a.m. Friday, almost two hours past the deafening bugle taps roared over the loud speaker system. Shall I describe my prison cell?

It is three paces wide, four paces long, and seven feet high. A fine wire mesh forms the ceiling. An electric bulb struggles in vain to send its puny light through the accumulated dust that has settled on the thick pane that covers the mesh. The net result is a chill, dreary atmosphere. My eyes are incapable of more than one hour of steady reading.

Two sides are solid steel plates. The back has more wire mesh covering steel bars, and the front, steel bars four inches apart, intersecting at 10-inch intervals flat steel reinforcing bars. What do you know! I can put my hands through, clear past my elbows; I can also take in all that transpires in the receiving room. There are two beds, hanging from the right wall, one above the other. On the top one I keep my books, commissary and personal belongings. On the bottom one are blankets, mattress, pillow and bed linens—my hard, uncomfortable bed. I somehow manage to get my share of sleeping, but not for long continuous stretches.

Directly in front of my cell is a clearing 30 feet long by 20 feet wide and in front of that passes the main traffic lane of the institution. It's the busiest spot in the place. So, you

see, I am constantly under surveillance and caged in full view of all passing inmates.

Even though they are not permitted to come over to me, each and every inmate almost to a man, waves, shouts a greeting and smiles warmly as he passes the receiving room. Their support and encouragement is further revealed in their faces, and this gives me no end of satisfaction. In many ways, both open and surreptitious, their true feelings are made known to me. They respect us for the people we are, admire our courage and wish us luck.

I am sure you had similar experiences with the women inmates at 10th St. in New York City—and mind you, this is without their being aware of the facts in our case. How much more support will we get then, when the true facts of our complete innocence become evident and the nakedness of this political frame-up is revealed. When the public becomes convinced and transmits their feelings into concrete action, then, my dear, our ultimate victory is assured.

They have imprisoned us, but our hearts and minds can never, except in death, be shackled. We will continue to struggle here, as we have in the past, for peace, freedom and true justice.

To continue my day (like Eleanor Roosevelt's, only slightly different): at 7.45 a.m. an ambulatory food cart delivers my breakfast. At 10.00 a.m., *New York Times*. At 11.00 a.m., lunch. I eat sparingly, but enough to keep body and soul together. Incidentally, your husband has taken to cigarettes with a vengeance. Imagine, more than a pack a day. I have developed an uncanny knack for accurately flipping the finished butts into the toilet bowl. After lunch, a couple of hours are spent napping, an hour reading; then, more walking. It looks as if I'm practicing for picketing. At 4.00 p.m. I have supper. Another hour of reading.

The warden has given a trusty, due to go home soon, permission to enter my cell, talk to me and play cards and chess with me. This recreation period is from 6.30 to 8.30

p.m. For about an hour beginning at about 9.00 p.m. I walk and sing songs, mostly folk music, workers' songs, people's songs, popular tunes and excerpts from operas and symphonies. I sing Peat Bog Soldiers, Kevin Barry, United Nations, Tennessee Waltz, Irene, Down in the Valley, Beethoven's Ninth Choral Symphony, and as many of the children's records as I can remember. In all frankness, I feel good and strong while I sing.

The balance of the evening I read until I get sleepy. I'm reading Nathan Asch's *A Treasury of Jewish Folklore*. Oh, I must not omit my nightly diversion, game hunting. That's the time I massacre cockroaches.

Yesterday afternoon Manny read me the letter you sent him, as you instructed him to do. Darling, you're a wonderful girl and I love you. I too am concerned about the children and their visit, but I am sure that when it does occur we will each of us be able to handle the situation without any emotional harm to them.

Ethel, there's something that ties me very closely to Manny. He is truly a prince of a fellow, unassuming, intelligent, a deep thinker; our fellow Jewish expression summarizes my feelings for him. *Ich shep nachass und quell fun ihm*. (Literally, "he gives me pleasure and pride."—Ed.) As for Alexander Bloch, I have adopted him as my father. (Alexander Bloch, Emanuel Bloch's father, was co-counsel during the trial—Ed.)

Tonight, during the Passover Seder when I sing the traditional songs of celebration of freedom from bondage of our people, I will think of you, my love, and of our own redemption from death and imprisonment to a better life.

Be what you are, for I love you that way.

Julie

HELLO, HONEY,

Tonight Bob Hope is on the loud speaker system and it's hard for me to concentrate, but I'm a persistent fellow, so

here goes. I've been hearing glowing reports about you. I read the two letters you sent Lena (Julius' sister—Ed.), and Manny related all the details of his last visit. It all adds up to this: you are your old self again, full of spirit, spunk and in the groove.

Darling, I'm a little jealous. Everybody is being buoyed up by you. You're a fountain of encouragement to my family. I'd like to be able to lean on your shoulders and get a little special comfort from you, too. Just a little warmth and love. How I miss it.

But enough of that. As jailbirds, our lot is to be thoroughly mechanical, devoid of physiological needs. Present day penology is said to be rehabilitative and constructive. Sufficient for me to say I could write a book on its evils and another on recommendations.

Julie

DEAREST ETHEL,

As the popular prison expression for adjustment goes, "You've got it made." I shared your letter with my chess opponent. He remarked, "A terrific letter. She's in better shape than you."

Last Monday they finally let me have a half-hour of fresh air. Even though I was alone, except for a guard, I enjoyed every minute of it. I am trying to have this established as a regular thing.

I am reading *Science and Politics in the Ancient World*, by Benjamin Farrington. He gives documentary proof that the enemy of scientific growth was superstition imposed on the people by the nobles of the state and heads of the church for the purpose of maintaining the status quo and their preferred class position. Dissemination of scientific knowledge to the mass of the people was set up as the greatest crime, heresy. This is true today, as in our own case, when the government is trying to sell the people on the myth of atomic secrecy and pre-

vent dissemination of scientific advances to the people.¹

There is no substitute for our being together. The gruesome reality is that our case is being used as a camouflage to paralyze outspoken progressives and stifle criticism of the drive to atomic war. Our personal fight is linked to this general movement for peace. We see it, and somewhere, somehow, everyone must be made aware of it.

Michael scribbled a couple of words in a letter Ethel (Julius' sister—Ed.) sent me. He is a peach. The kids are doing fine so don't be too concerned. How I long for our boys. It is hard to leave this, but I must go to bed now. Gosh, how sad without you. All my love.

Julie

DEAREST ETHEL,

There are three mainsprings of my life at West St.—your letters, first and foremost; consultations with Manny, and visits from my family. Your letters have become part of my being.

My family is impatiently awaiting the approval of the authorities for permission to see you. Again we have to fight in order to effectuate such a simple, decent and humane right. All my love, your own,

Julie

ETHEL,

I was terribly shocked to read that Willie McGee² was executed. My heart is sad, my eyes are filled with tears. It seems to me that the federal courts have adopted the medieval practice of the Southern Bourbons, legal lynching of Negroes, and are now attempting, as in our case, to

¹ Benjamin Farrington was one of the many thousands who later appealed to the President for clemency for the Rosenbergs. He wrote from his home in Swansea, England, that the death sentence sets an 'undesirable precedent' and 'lowers our conception of American justice'.

² Willie McGee, Negro victim of a Mississippi rape charge, was executed on May 8, in spite of world-wide protest.

apply this to political prisoners. They ~~must~~ be answered with reason and fact.

I am positive growing numbers of people will come to understand our fight and join with us to win so just a cause.

I miss you, Ethel, I love you.

Julie

MY OWN DEAR SWEETHEART,

How sad I was to leave you, and how reluctant my step as I approached my cell. It was there waiting for me, silent, inexorable, disdainful, seemingly unaware of its occupant's departure but smug in the knowledge of her eventual return.

It's only three days by the calendar since I saw the long-loved, oddly familiar, oddly strange being by whose side I had lain through how many nights—yet I am certain that eons have elapsed and that I dreamed our meeting, in any case. I see your pale drawn face, your pleading eyes, your slender, boyish body and your evident suffering. My dearest husband, what heaven and what hell to welcome you to monotonous days and joyless nights in Sing Sing—to endless desire and endless denial. And yet here, held fast by brick and concrete and steel, shall our love put forth gripping root and tender blossom; here shall we roar defiance, too, and give battle . . .

Of course, you couldn't give free tongue to all the crowding thoughts and feelings, nor could I. Did you expect that it would be easy to open our hearts to each other under these circumstances? Yet I confess I had looked forward to some tremendous release. And when it wasn't forthcoming there remained a vague sense of loss and anti-climax, so that I was, like you, quite overwhelmed with frustration. Until your letter arrived, I couldn't even begin to express it on paper. Your lonely wife,

Ethel

DEAREST JULIE,

There has been a fine intermittent rain all afternoon and

I have sat in my chair at the entrance of the yard, drinking in the fragrance of flowers growing somewhere out of my sight, and watching the bedraggled sparrows picking dispassionately at the bread I scattered for them. Every so often the rain lets up and then I stalk disconsolately about inspecting the few green things pushing their way up through the concrete.

Growing between brick wall and stone walk are sprigs of crisply curling bright green parsley. Along another wall the leaves of a wild violet plant unfold, almost hiding two buds. Now I kneel down to a crevice in the concrete, filled with earth painstakingly accumulated from the underpart of moss, small, velvety clumps of which cling to the damp, cool parts of the yard where the sun's rays rarely penetrate. In this crevice an apple seed which I planted, and have watered patiently, is sprouting bravely. All my love, darling. Your own,

Ethel

DARLING ETHEL,

What you wrote eloquently expressed our profound frustrations, as well as our understanding and deep love for each other. The oppressive solitude that surrounds us must not succeed in removing our strong ties to the pulsating outside world. Caged here, we can only protest our innocence and stand up firmly. It is the job of the American people to stay the executioner's hand. The hardest thing for me to take is that you, my heart, are also in this *Gehenna*. Only your splendid steadfastness has made it possible for me to stand up.

Do not be concerned about my looks as I feel healthy and can take care of myself. Sunday afternoon I heard you telling the guard that you wanted to have some of your commissary cream cheese with your supper. I was thrilled to hear your voice. I was resting on the yard steps and I believe the door to your corridor was slightly ajar.

Honey, we have a license. We should be allowed to set up

housekeeping here. In all earnestness, **only** our complete freedom will satisfy me. Until we meet, I send my kisses.
Your own, *Julie*

MY DEAREST SWEETHEART,

I'm slowly relaxing into a humdrum routine that's setting the pattern of my life here. I've been reviewing past events in our lives. Not that I want to live in the past, but I want to draw additional strength to sustain me through this zombie existence.

Born of orthodox parents and raised in the slum tenements of the lower East Side, my childhood memories are full of the struggles of my parents to feed and clothe five children. I remember when my father, a garment worker, was in a long strike against sweatshop conditions. Because he was a shop chairman and an active unionist, my father was blacklisted and had quite a pull to make ends meet.

The constant battle against rats and vermin still is vivid in my mind. At Hebrew school I made the class valedictory speech. I was a good student, but more, I absorbed quite naturally the culture of my people, their struggle for freedom from slavery in Egypt. I found the same great traditions in American history. As an American Jew with this background, it was natural that I should follow in the footsteps laid down by my heritage and seek to better the lot of the common man.

I found in you a profound understanding and a sweet person. You were for me. Together our perspective was clearer and life was fuller.

Until tomorrow I send you my love and heart.

Julie

MY PRECIOUS ETHEL,

It was oh, so good to see you this afternoon. Honey, I sat so reserved, looking at you through the screen, and all the time I wanted to take you in my arms, smother you with kisses and tell you in more than words of my consum-

ing love for you. Darling, I hope we are allowed to visit on a regular basis. Even with the limitations, it lifted me out of the gloom. How I want to tell you that this period shall pass quickly and we can once more take up our joyous happy family life. Let us continue to live up to our motto, "courage, confidence, and perspective—"

Yesterday my package of letters and pictures finally arrived from West St. I checked them through, reminisced a bit, and promptly* obtained a piece of cardboard and mounted the six pictures of the children. One of the guards cut diagonal slots in each of the corners of a pencilled layout and by inserting the pictures they were neatly set up. Now their faces smile out at me over the books and toilet things on my table. Theirs is such a hard lot, bewildered as they are by events; no parents near to love and help guide them. We must be strong, darling, to take over once more our rightful place as mother and father.

Through the 100 feet of matter and space which separate us I send my all. Love from your very own, *Julie*

DEAREST JULIE,

I loved your letter. Can we ever forget the turbulence and struggle, the joy and beauty of the early years of our relationship when you courted me. Together we hunted down the answers to all the seemingly insoluble riddles which a complex and callous society presented. Those answers have withstood the test of time and change, and still stand for all those who are not afraid to look and see and examine as we did in that far away time. It is because we didn't hesitate to blazon forth those answers that we sit within the walls of Sing Sing.

And yet for the sake of these answers, for the sake of American democracy, justice and brotherhood, for the sake of peace and bread and roses, and children's laughter, we shall continue to sit here in dignity and in pride—in the deep abiding knowledge of our innocence before God and

man, until the truth becomes a clarion call to all decent humanity.

There was once a wise man, whose name I forget, who marvelled at the "indestructibility of human character." Beloved, we shall prove him right; perhaps, then other human beings will believe in their indestructibility too, and rally to our defense and their own. Your own,

Ethel

MY DEAREST,

When you write next, darling, will you remember to send me the lines of the verse that Michael composed for your birthday? I don't know when I have been so thrilled by anything.

What solace to hear your voice during the Jewish services. And your contribution to the general discussion after the sermon was certainly *à propos*. Did you agree with my comments, incidentally? I think the Rabbi a fine, intelligent, sincere young man. What was the reaction among the other men? I sensed a warmth and spirit of good will toward me, for that matter. Today I felt this friendliness reaching out to you, too; I have an idea, my one and only, that you very definitely have arrived and are now a veritable pillar of "CC" (condemned cells—Ed.) society.

I can't help but think of those newspaper articles and their insinuations that we don't want our folks to visit us and are not interested in requesting visits for ourselves. I have nothing but contempt for this kind of thing—

Dear one, it is torture without you! All my love,

Ethel

MY DEAREST WIFE,

Michael's birthday card to me showed a picture of a sailboat on a lake, and under the printed verse he added in his own hand:

"The Merry Wind is blowing
My lovely words are flowing—Michael."

This, my dearest, is our eight-year-old.

The books sent to me while I was at the Federal Detention House were denied me, but I've received, I believe from Manny, *The Rise of American Civilization*, by Charles and Mary Beard. Between that and Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*, I have enough reading material for the present.

The Jewish services were impressive. Naturally, light of my life, your contribution hit home. The men here have deep respect for you and hold you in high regard. You impress them as one who knows how to handle herself. This is not me speaking; I am just reporting.

Lena sent me a letter and told me how they repaired your old ironing board, washed my shirts and socks and put all our clothes in order. You see, they are all prepared for our eventual homecoming.

Shut away from the world, reading lies about ourselves in the papers, and finding myself and my wife condemned to an early doom, it takes every ounce of my strength and all my understanding to stand up. However, seeing you, hearing your voice and receiving such letters makes it seem easy to take all this in stride.

We are not afraid, as right is on our side. All the ingredients of victory are present in spite of a long and tedious road. I send all my love. Your own,

Julie

SWEETHEART,

I can't wait to see you Friday, for more than the usual reasons. You see, today I received two wonderful snapshots of the children in a letter from my brother Bernie that I want very badly to share with you. The sight of their amazingly mature features will hurt, though I realize that their growth is taking place without us—And the horrible idea, of which I am never completely rid, that we may never be with them again drives relentlessly through me. It is blood-chilling.

I'm afraid I'm not being exactly cheerful. If only there are

no hitches in our plans for the children, perhaps I'll be able to develop a little peace of mind. Always loving you,

Ethel

HELLO SWEETHEART,

Heard your sweet voice and intelligent offering at services today and received a lovely message from you. We're all-right people, who practice what we believe, and that is, as the Rabbi put it, "Do unto others as you want them to do unto you." Many people can have different interpretations. To me, it is not a theoretical thing, but a living, practical philosophy which when put into effect signifies the real brotherhood of man.

It is amazing how intellectually stimulating Jewish services can be and how worthwhile, especially to us so incarcerated. Discussion and advocacy of ideas is the mainstay of American life and of modern democratic principles. This religious service set me thinking about the recent Supreme Court decisions (upholding the Smith Act—Ed.). What a blow to constitutional¹ political and, yes, religious freedom this is.

The pictures of our two sons keep flashing through my mind. Denial of family and freedom is tantamount to a living death. To maintain our equilibrium in face of all this emotional pressure is our job right now.

Without a doubt, my sweet, when I go to bed you're in my arms and we lock out the bars and the nightmares. But the morning rays of sunshine rudely awaken me and announce my forced separation from the love of my life.

Take heart, the future will be wonderful. Love,

Julie

MY PRECIOUS ETHEL,

At times I feel like singing, doing something creative, as a warm glow overcomes me, enumerating your virtues. The harder the frustration and pain, the more glorious the final reunion.

Already a brief outline of our Circuit Court appeal gives me new courage—If one is able to withstand this terrible ordeal and on top of it use time constructively here, then that person has accomplished the maximum under the circumstances. When I look at our children's pictures I tell them that when they understand they will be proud of their parents, that they'll hold their heads high.

Our spirit is good and our hopes for a successful appeal are based on solid ground. Given an even chance under the law, we must win. Adorable wife, we're pulling hard, but the reward is great. Keep it up—Your own,

Julie

DEAREST GIRL,

Friday! It was glorious. Seeing you and hearing you, your words of wisdom, and watching your eyes, enjoying your agile mind, always probing, deep in thought, precise in analysis and exacting in detail and never a hasty decision. Is it possible that all this can hide endless pain and torture?

How I hoped to be with you the moment my sister told you the splendid news about the children. I heard your joyful shout and it was music to my ears. We have passed another milestone, and I'm positive this will ease that ache in your heart. Over and over again my Mama wanted to see you and tell you all she will do to give our children all the love, comfort and understanding they need, and she is constantly hoping and praying for us to come home soon. She sends you a warm embrace.

Today is Father's Day. I'll bring along the cards I received to show you on Wednesday. And our 12th wedding anniversary! How vividly I remember that lovely Sunday in June. Even with this outrageous imprisonment and sentence, we can say that our life has been fruitful.

You, my dear, have held the key to our growth and advancement and continue to be our bulwark. To you, my wife, friend and fellow victim, on this day of ours I send my total love. Yours,

Julie

MY VERY DEAREST,

I sit here feeling like a perfect hog for wallowing in tears of self-pity instead of writing you this weekend; reading your words and knowing there are none from me to make up for our separation this 12th anniversary of our marriage. Yet I never was so much in love with you as I am today—

It is incredible that after 12 years of the kind of principled, constructive, wholesome living together that we did, that I should sit in a cell in Sing Sing awaiting my own legal murder, greeting you in this anguish on what would have been a joyous celebration of two memorable days. Incredible, too, that you should receive felicitations as husband and father in another cell, in which you sit in anticipation of a similar doom!

Bless you for that indomitable spirit that beats within you and gives me renewed courage and strength.

I love you with all my being and want desperately to be worthy of you. Always and forever, *Ethel*

DARLING ETHEL,

By the time you receive this, spring will be officially over. Not only a young man's fancy turns to love, with spring. So far as this old married man is concerned it served to add fuel to dammed-up passion. How many wonderful summers we spent together. Spring Glen, 1939. Remember the photos from our honeymoon? In many ways you are prettier and lovelier now even than then. In spite of your temporary burial in this tomb it is impossible to hide your sparkle. Darling, since I saw you this morning I am inspired—How much you have given me, what understanding you have given in guiding our sons.

At times I feel power enough to blow the mask of this horror away from our lives. But I'm not under any illusions. I know we have to be strong as iron to withstand an existence empty of all the beauties and freedom of civilized living. Tilt windmills, shout in the wind—we don't have to do any of these things. Truth and justice are as powerful

as nature's bolt of lightning. Sooner or later the truth has to be known, that we are totally innocent in this ghastly political frame-up. All my love,

Julie

DEAREST,

Good morning. It was sweet to see you Wednesday—Only it's miserable to sit there cozily talking and yet not to touch your hand or your face.

You will be overjoyed to hear, as I was, that your mother is moving ahead with dispatch and, at this very writing, already may be settled in the new apartment. The beds were expected yesterday and they are packing feverishly. I am beside myself—

I'm afraid your bulwark, as you so fondly call me, is leaning too heavily on you these days. Never mind, we will win through yet; our task is to find the strength to endure until the day when we can return to each other and our children. Your loving wife, *Ethel*

SWEETHEART,

Somehow I get the feeling that all will work out well with my mother. I can't wait to hear how the kids have begun to take their own home. This will give us the opportunity to have a hand in their upbringing. I hope I'll be able to establish a running correspondence with Michael so that we'll be able, even though in a remote way, to live through some of their joys.

Just keep telling me with your pencil, with your eyes, your smile and your will, what you have told me in the past, and our team must win. Of course, I'm head over heels in love with you, but for the time being I can only convey my heart to you in this manner. *Julie*

DEAREST LOVE OF MINE,

The intolerable loneliness of this place seems to have entered into my very bones today. The gloom and rain have

contrived to drag out the already interminable hours—And yet, lest I appear discouraged, and my confidence shaking, let those who would destroy me and mine know that I shall endure, head held high and spirit unimpaired. For I am made of the stuff of the early pioneers and in my veins beats the blood of the Macabees!

There, now I feel better! *No Pasaran!*^a

Your son Michael sent me a precious letter, informing me that both he and Robby are expected to attend day camp beginning tomorrow, and describing a visit to the apartment by Ethel, and two friends. I am so thrilled by the apparent progress that is being made I could weep with thanksgiving. At the same time, I so long to see them I could scream—Love you, my very dearest. Ever yours,

Ethel

MY DEAREST ETHEL,

Fortified by Ossining Manor's delicious ice cream on this Independence Day, I'm making a celebration of this holiday for freedom. I clipped out a copy of the Declaration of Independence from the *New York Times*. It is interesting to read these words concerning free speech, freedom of the press and of religion in this setting. These rights our country's patriots died for can't be taken from the people even by Congress or the courts.

Certain politicians would use our case to frighten liberal and progressive people, but we are exposing this frame-up and we are not alone. It is a fight for our very lives, but also part of a fight for justice and free thought.

Darling, the children are terribly disturbed. They have been brutally shocked and wronged and need us. But in a little time the loving care of my mother and the warm attention of our family and friends will go a long way to lessen their tensions. We've got to have the strength to do our best,^a more for their sake than our own. How I miss them and love them.

^a 'They will not pass!'—The watchword of Madrid citizens defending the city against Franco's troops during the Spanish Civil War.

The news of the possibilities of peace is of tremendous import. (Peace talks had been initiated in Korea—Ed.) We, together with the world's millions, have a great stake in the outcome. Ah, my darling, we must continue to strive, hope and fight for what is ours. Love, *Julie*

MY SWEET JULIE,

I am greatly heartened by your letter on the children. It was the picture that Lena painted of them that so distressed and alarmed me—Oh, sweetheart, after our visit yesterday I lay on my bed weeping bitterly for them and filled with anger at those who would rob them of their childhood—

6.30 a.m., July 6—Good morning! Am up early so that I can get off this scribble to you. To go on with my July 4 celebration—the arrival of the state's ice cream jarred me loose a little from my sorrows. But I choked up occasionally, thinking of the ice cream orgies we used to enjoy with the kids. I recalled "Cherry-Oonilla," incidentally, when I wrote Robby. After a while, some of the pain gripping me eased. It needed only a radio program, and "Ballad for Americans," for the finishing touch. With Frank Sinatra's recording of "House I Live In," I had a tremendous upsurge of "courage, confidence and perspective!"

Julie dear, I have such utter respect and regard for you; how well you know the score, and what a good example you set me! Hold me close and impart to me some of your noble spirit! Always lovingly, *Ethel*

SWEET ETHEL,

You recall I wrote the warden about the news item in Walter Winchell's column.¹ He replied that "I wish to advise that this office did not, nor to my knowledge have any guards, given this information to any newspapermen and I cannot find where you made any such statement."

¹ Walter Winchell's column in the N. Y. *Daily Mirror* carried the following item on July 4, 1951: 'Julius Rosenberg, the atomic spy now in the death house, told guards: "If I could last 2 or 3 years, I'd be rescued by Soviet airmen".'

Of course, this is all he could do within the limits of the institution's regulations.

My sister Ethel writes that she was over to see Mama on Tuesday. Robby's fine and Michael likes the day camp very much. Mama's window is overlooking the river and also the railroad track. It is a beautiful sight and naturally the view is just the right thing for Robby. He is constantly watching the boats and trains passing by.

I finished *Birth of Israel* by Don Grandos, lent me by the Rabbi, and recommend it highly.

We must continue to find strength in the kind of people we are and in our love for each other. Be with me always, courageous woman. Always yours,

Julie

MY DARLING,

Here it is Sunday evening, and cabaret night starts in the C-C's. We have the radio on, I've read the comics and newspapers, played ball and taken my daily shower and am writing to my wife and children.

I've been reading Ullman's *The White Tower*, and at present I'm reading Gene Fowler's *Good Night, Sweet Prince*, a biography of John Barrymore, and I'm positive you'll like this one. I'm really struggling to fill the endless hours. This week I managed a couple of chess games.

Somehow it seems long ago that I saw you and everything is strange and distant. An empty feeling grips me. By the time you read this letter it will be one year that I have to all intents and purposes stopped living—

Let me assure you that when I'm with you, when I read your letters and when I'm busy reading I am completely removed from this emotional barrenness—I believe I'm courting you all over again. It's exciting and fascinating, more so because I'm sure of the excellence of the product and positive that it is mine!

Ethel, my wife, there must be an end to this misery of

ours and we must be vindicated—With all my heart, your own,
Julie

DEAREST,

It's 8.30 p.m. Spent the day reading Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*. Beautiful prose. I played a game of handball before the deluge drenched the court. Did you ever notice the comfortable feeling one gets reading and listening to rain? I thought, what a wonderful world we live in, and how much man could do with full utilization of his creative ability.

I was shocked to read in the day's newspapers that our government was moving to make a deal with Spain. Fascist Franco is going to help defend "democracy"—It must be strange to many that all the time it seems necessary to ally ourselves with the most reactionary, feudal and fascistic elements to defend democracy. Something is very rotten in Denmark!

I sit here looking at the smiling faces of our two sons. This unearthly madness and brutality has no right to hit at defenseless kids. We must not let this make a permanent mark on our kids—

More than a year we've been apart. Because ours is an all-encompassing relationship I've been able to stand this separation and even the possibility of death. Yes, facts, truth and right are on our side and we must triumph in this appeal. I'm sure our lawyer will do all possible to prevent another political verdict and obtain one based on *judicial* merits. You remain my hope—Always proudly your husband,
Julie

III

CHILDREN'S VOICES

DEAREST,

Yesterday there arrived another letter from our big son in which he proudly informs me he is a "B" swimmer and therefore a "high" swimmer! Obviously he is making progress.

More about the emotional problems of the children—Ethel told me that even with the woman's expressed willingness to stay with Robby at the day camp all day, the child turned the idea down with flat finality and even bitterness.

I want you, sweetheart! Many kisses, my love,

Ethel

MY DARLING JULIE,

This morning I was far too agitated to touch on some of the questions with which we may have to cope during the children's visit next week.

The most important thing is to take the attitude that we won't be able to answer every question with all-inclusive finality, and that this visit is simply the opening gun in a campaign that will have to continue. If we can manage to give them the impression that we are not unduly upset, we will be setting the stage for the proper reaction.

Here is what I have been dreaming up as a sample of the conversation that may take place. I'm putting it in the form of a monologue:

"Of course, it's not easy to know about the death penalty and not worry about it sometimes, but let's look at it this way. We know that a car could strike us and kill us, but that doesn't mean we spend every minute being fearful about cars.

"You see, we are the very same people we ever were, except that our physical selves are housed under a different

roof from yours. We feel bad that we are separated from you, but we also know that we are not guilty and that an injustice has been done to us by people—people who solved their own problems by lying about us. It's all right to feel any way you like about those people, so long as your feelings don't give you pain and make you unhappy—"

Naturally the words are probably not quite what I shall use in speaking with them. But I just had to share my thoughts with you, even if imperfectly. Love you—

Ethel

HELLO MY PRETTY,

Finished winning my chess at 9.15 p.m. and it was a long battle right down to the finish, and I have to hustle to get this note off to you.

Time doesn't stand still. Right now I'm looking forward to seeing my own sons after more than a year. Even though it's an entire week off, the tension is mounting and I'm going to have to exercise a maximum of control to keep my anxiety down.

I am glad you are going to break the ice with the kids because I am certain you will come through beautifully and set the stage for my visit. You know, I just had a wonderful idea. The children will get a kick out of it. I'll make pages of pictures of trains, boats and buses and I'm positive Michael, and especially Robby, will like them. What do you say?

Honey, a man is asking for the pencil. Tonight, my love, you can sleep peacefully, as progress is being made. We are confident of a glorious future together with our children. All my heart to you,

Julie

HELLO DARLING,

I shall do all that is within my power to set the children at ease and prepare them for your coming. Do try to lay aside some of the anxiety meanwhile. Believe me, I am trying to convince myself, at the same time!

You can't make me jealous with your boats and trains; I have an envelope full of rare specimens collected with painstaking care by that intrepid hunter of wild insects, your wife!

Yours will be just the thing, though, particularly for Robby, who may be a little shy and strange with us.

Oh, yes, if Michael neglects to question me as to the form of the death penalty, this job will fall to you. In which case, answer briefly that it is painless electrocution, which we believe will never come to pass, of course.

Believe me, children are what their parents truly expect them to be.

If we can face the thought of our intended execution without terror, so then will they. Certainly, neither of us will seek to dwell on these matters. But let's not be afraid, and they won't be either. All my love, darling,

Ethel

MY DEAREST WIFE,

What you say and the words you use in expressing it are so excellent that I can put it best in the famous Jewish saying, "From your mouth to God's ear." Your suggestions on the meeting with the children are good.

Wednesday will be the fifth anniversary of my Father's death. The passing of this fine, intelligent, sensitive, loving father was a great loss to us, Ethel. I'll ask the Rabbi to burn a candle in his memory and I'll say Kaddish (A prayer for the dead—Ed.) at Jewish services.

We've got to go over all the details about the school, social life and emotional needs of our boys. Many things have to be set in motion before their summer vacation is over.

The devotion and loyalty of my family continues to be comforting— They are behind us 100 per cent.

Keep your beautiful face glowing. Love,

Julie

DEAREST,

Just a brief resumé of today's occurrences. This morning found me restless, tense and very anxious. When the sound of your voices drifted down to the cell block my tension began to vanish. Robert's shrieking was music to my ears.

After lunch I went into the counsel room and the kids were hiding behind the door. When I hugged them they seemed small and far away. I was a bit dazed. I choked up and my eyes teared and Michael kept repeating, "Daddy, your voice has changed."

After a couple of minutes I was back on an even keel. A round of kissing and hugging and then Robby sat on my lap. His peaked thin face and big eyes looked up at me and he said, "Daddy, why you no come home," I carefully explained. "Why did you not visit us Sundays at the Shelter?" Again I explained. Naturally the baby couldn't understand. He dashed around the room and played with the chairs.

I gave the boys a bag of hard candies and showed them the drawings of trains, buses and cars. Michael spent most of his time drawing trucks with a pencil—The big fellow was reserved and shy. He hardly looked at me. Using your suggestions I asked what you had discussed. He finally said a few things about Dave, your mother and Ruth.

The only time we really got warm was after explanations about your family. Then he popped out, "Was there an *amicus curiae* in your trial?" and "Who besides Mr. Bloch was a witness for you?" The fact is both children are disturbed.

One thing Michael said stands out, and that is that it would be better if he himself were here and not I. Of course, I could not develop very many things in this first visit. Some songs and a talk on the playschool loosened the kids up.

You set a good tone for the visit and it went off better than I had expected. Do you know that your boys insisted that the guards frisk them? The children said that you look

smaller. I pointed out to them that I am *sans* mustache and the little one asked, "Where did it go?"

It was evident to me from what they said that they don't play with their blocks, tracks, clay, erector set and other materials. It may be that the things are lost or just not available for their use.

We'll have to go into this in detail. Darling, the children need us and I hope it will not be much longer, our separation from them. Michael told me about our room being ready and about Grandma shifting to the living room, showing that he is all set. After I left them I felt I tore out a piece of heart. Love,

Julie

MY DEAREST LOVE,

My heart is leaden within me. I'm afraid I was anything but calm although Manny probably indicated to you that I was wonderful. And to judge by outward appearances, I guess that I was. But as I smiled and kissed the children, I was experiencing such a bewildering assortment of emotions that I don't think I was enough in control of myself to have accomplished anything very far-reaching. Actually, I doubt anyone else could have either; after all, a first visit after a year's separation can hardly be expected to do much more than break the ice.

Nevertheless, I am unable to set aside my sense of let-down and frustration; nor can I, needless to say, escape the terrible ache and longing that relentlessly pursues me now that I can no longer hear the sweet sound of them.

And yet I am also full of pride and joy. See you Friday—Love,

Ethel

MY OWN DEAREST,

Your very vivid description of the children's visit moved me deeply—I love them so much, how shall I ever go on enduring without them?

The picture of my bewildered, sad-faced baby with the haunted eyes and serious mien is a sight I cannot put out of my mind. And Michael, with his deceptively cheerful demeanor and flippant chatter, doesn't exactly allay my anxiety either. They need help urgently, make no mistake about it; and there are a number of suggestions I am impatiently waiting to share with you. I have jotted down some and will add things right up to your scheduled arrival in No Man's Land!

I think I had better go to sleep. The tears have begun again. Darling, I need you, love you—oh, my God, where is there an end to this wretched, horrible torment! Goodnight, Julie dear,

Ethel

MY DEAREST,

Misery and grief we have in plenty, and I fully understand and share your anguish, but we are very well qualified to organize the proper program of rehabilitation for our children.

The visit with them showed me the cold reality of our situation. I suggest you make an outline step-by-step, and we will talk with Manny and members of my family and give them our recommendations in writing. The entire home, play and materials situation needs a radical change.

I think every effort should be made to get Mike into another school and try to get the baby to attend nursery school. Mind you, I'm not alarmed, as I feel the necessary conditions exist to do a good job. In all future plans for the children I'm counting on your analytical mind and sense of detail to help carry the ball for us. Always your own.

Julie

DEAREST SWEETHEART,

I awoke Saturday with a dull throbbing head and sick feeling in the stomach, the understandable aftermath of a

week of emotional stress and storm. I'm fit as a fiddle once more, however, so don't be unduly concerned—

I love you for your tenderness and devotion and courage. It hurts to know how you suffer for your wife and children. It's your continued appreciation of my problems and belief in my ability to solve them that sees me through each bitter day. Your always loving, *Ethel*

MY OWN DARLING JULIE,

Did ever a woman have a husband such as you? No, no woman ever did! And what has brought on this affectionate outburst, do you think? Well, while rummaging around "among my souvenirs," today, I found your Mother's Day card with its touching tribute, and recall how simply floored I was to receive it. I recall how Manny glowed to see my response when he delivered it, and his prideful flourish as he produced the *pièce de résistance*, Michael's class picture. How merry and bright his eyes are—and he is standing in the back row with such an air of belonging and mature cheerfulness that I am positively thrilled. I also experience such a stab of longing for my boy that I could howl like a she-animal who has had its young forcibly torn from her! How dared they, how dared they, the low, vile creatures, lay unclean hands upon our sacred family? And tell me, oh, my sister Americans, how long shall any of your own husbands and children be safe if by your silence you permit this deed to go unchallenged!

My last visit with you seems dim and distant. But I see you, nose pressed determinedly against that outrageous, yet ludicrous, wired barrier that separates us, eye brimming over with mischievous devilment—I kiss you good night, with all my heart. *Ethel*

MY DEAREST JULIE,

Already my mind is leaping ahead to Wednesday morning. It is when you cross the distance that separates us and

call out your cheery greeting that I come alive once more and know that I am still my own self and not some fantastic being from another realm. Still, I think I have progressed to a point where I am more capable of accepting the prospect of many more dreary months here without undue agitation. I am kind of beginning to dig in and want desperately for this philosophical mood to remain with me!

Actually I have begun to feel I am merely waiting out the time before I am sent home to you and our boys; in all decency, in all justice, there can be no other end to this horror. So, say I, let's be gay about it; at least, I needs must draw such a conclusion, else why have I been singing these last two days?

The children's visit, I believe, is at the bottom of my rising optimism and they are indeed cause for singing in anybody's book. Manny's last visit, too, was most encouraging. Certainly, it grows clearer that a reversal is in proper legal order. I love you, darling—Ever, your,

Ethel

MY MOST PRECIOUS ETHEL,

How the pattern keeps unfolding. More political arrests, disregard for the rights of people and for the Constitution, and a greater hysteria through the country. Now is the time for the people to stand up and defend their rights.

Lena sent me a letter and among other news told me of Michael's sleeping problem, that he wants to sleep with Mama. She said she'll discuss this with us when she sees us Saturday. Just like his mother and father, he thinks all the time and finds it difficult to fall asleep. He wants us, his parents to kiss him goodnight and put him to sleep. This kind of stuff tears my heart out.

So much strength is needed. Only our complete freedom and an early reunion with our family can serve to heal the harm done to us. No matter what, I'll continue to fight for vindication. All my love,

Julie

MY VERY DEAREST,

I have the curious feeling of living in a world beyond whose walls no other world exists; in jail terminology, I've "made it." I've "arrived," because the "street" no longer forms the magnet, the painfully plaguing goal, it once did. The carefully drawn demarcations of the area in which I am permitted have dissolved, because there is no longer any other area.

This seems to be the frame of mind toward which I tend. I am conscious of a need to remain immersed in my own being that amounts to an actual resistance to showing my thoughts and feelings. Oh, I make plans about the children, and you, but—it's as though I don't really believe these events will transpire; they are dreams I have yet to dream. I withdraw into myself and a lethargy and lassitude envelop me. Yet this outside world which I apparently have renounced is more sharply with me than ever, by dint of the fact that the situation here holds so much less strangeness and terror for me than it did.

I know it's all very paradoxical and maybe my brain is so worn with poking and pulling that it can't function—I love you,

Ethel

MY DEAREST,

There is a sweet serenity about this blue and golden day. I drink in the bright sun and air and know myself intoxicatingly alive and strong!

Now to the point: darling, your mother's life and strength are being sapped so appallingly that I am heartsick at her appearance. I wrote Manny urgently requesting an audience with him early next week to work out a proper solution. Meanwhile, I went into some detail concerning materials that need to be made available for the children's unsupervised use in the early morning before the adults are ready to get up. In this way their noisy romping could be avoided or at least mitigated. I suggested that he notify Lena to

purchase Plasticene and cooky cutters and magic slates and rubber cars. Love,

Ethel

MY DEAREST WIFE,

I was terribly shocked to see my mother's sickly appearance. I sent Manny a letter asking him to get my mother under a doctor's care at once, and also asking him to clear up the situation at home.

I hope you read the Circuit Court reversal¹ of the Remington conviction as it was a noteworthy one. I call your attention to the court's admonishment of Saypol (U.S. prosecuting attorney in the Rosenberg trial—Ed.) for his practices, and its pointing out of the errors of the judge. If the court give our case a fair review I feel confident it will reverse the conviction.

I got me a small brown butterfly and a nice white moth which I pressed between the pages of a book. Of course, I am following your lead and am already looking forward to the next time the children come to visit us.

I look forward only to our triumphant return to our home. I imagine all the details of greeting the children and my mother and then being together with you. It cannot be otherwise. Always, your,

Julie

DEAREST ETHEL,

My chess games have stopped because the fellows I play with have received copies of the printed record of their cases and are busy at work. As long as I'm able to keep

¹ Judge Swan stated in this opinion: 'We wish . . . to admonish counsel for the prosecution that in case of a retrial there should be no repetition of the cross-examination attack upon defense witness Redmont's change of name. Redmont testified that he had changed his name for professional reasons and that he had done so pursuant to court order. On cross-examination the prosecutor continued his inquiry of this matter long after it became clear that the change of name had no relevancy to any issue at the trial, and could only serve to arouse possible racial prejudice on the part of the jury.'

United States v. Remington 191 F 2d 246,252

occupied I manage. To my collection of insects I've added a locust and a dragonfly.

Lena sent me a letter saying that Michael had made friends with one of the boys at the day camp who lives in the neighborhood. He already has been at the boy's home, eaten there and they've arranged to exchange visits at each other's homes. If we can get a trained person to supervise our boys I'm certain their tensions will be eased. I am most concerned about my mother's health and the situation at home—

As I sit smoking I think of the evenings we spent at home listening to records, the boys sleeping peacefully in their own room. All the little things we did take on new meaning and tell me I didn't know how lucky I was to have you and the children.

I have learned the true worth of all this and am a happier man for it. We didn't lose faith and now our position is going to be clarified and shown to greater and greater numbers of people and I am confident that this, with our expert legal defense, will free us and prove our innocence. I'll make up to you and the boys for this lost time and all the horrible torture—I love you, my wife.

Julie

SWEET VIBELLA,¹

I can report that since seeing you and Manny I'm in very good spirits. It was a great satisfaction to learn many people, including strangers, are taking a personal interest in our case. Most important to us is that the facts in the trial record be made public to prove our complete innocence.

I wrote Michael yesterday and described my insect collection, to which I added four more specimens today.

It makes me happy to know that Michael and Robert are going to go on outings and have a lot of fun with warm-hearted people.

¹ A Jewish expression meaning 'little wife'.

I have to give you full credit for trying to help others when you yourself are in such difficult circumstances. I know what a magnificent person you are and I can appreciate it, but it hurts to see how even at this time your family still tries to get at you. How cruel this is, and how good for you that you saw through it and didn't let it faze you.

Ethel, I miss you very much but it will hold, as I'm certain we will beat this frame-up and make up for all this lost time. So long for now.

Julie

MY DEAREST,

The children's visit was just perfect. They were in excellent spirits from the time I entered the room, and enjoyed it so much they were disappointed when it was over. Michael said he wants more. Because of the good effect you had on them the atmosphere was like a warm family get-together.

The boys were hiding under the desk and Robby's child-like giggles gave them away. They rushed to me and we embraced. "Oh, goody!" said Michael, as I gave him a pencil and pad, and he began to draw. I showed them my collection of insects and put a couple of bananas and two Hershey bars on the table. The big fellow said, "Daddy, please don't stuff us." Robby, however, proceeded to down both Hershey and a banana and romped around screeching and acting mischievous. I held him close, kissed and carried him around so I could talk to Michael.

Most of the hour was spent in discussion. It started with the death sentence, which Michael said he had read about. I told him we were not concerned about that; we were innocent, we had many avenues of appeal, and that it was not his job to be concerned about it, but to grow up and be well.

He asked me how you died and I told him. He asked if there is an electric chair here and I said, "Yes." He kept on asking about the appeals, and what if finally we might lose,

and death faced us? I kept on reassuring him but I could see he was terribly upset over it.

He asked many questions on what he had read about the action of the FBI and the jury. I explained as well as I could, and Manny helped, and told him on the ride back home he'd go into more detail.

The boy said, "Daddy, maybe I'll study to be a lawyer and help you in your case," and I said, "We won't wait that long as we want to be with you while you're growing up." He wants so to help us, to do something, and to be assured that all will be well with us.

Oh, darling, he is burdened with all these grown-up problems and he feels them deeply. I asked him how his Grandma Sophie was and he said not so good, because he gives her trouble. You understand, he makes noise and the neighbors complain and he has guilt feelings.

A little incident took place that revealed something of Robby's problem. In his exuberance he spun a tray with glasses and one of the glasses fell off and broke. Immediately he scooted around Manny to hide, and Mike said, "Look what you done." But I pooh-poohed it and reassured him.

The baby and Michael are both frightened and only our early return to them will heal all the harm done. When I see you I'll have lots more to tell you. I miss you terribly. All my love,

Julie

MY DEAREST ONE,

This afternoon I basked in the sun—mind and body blessedly at rest, face uplifted to its pleasant warmth. I closed my eyes and floated in happy forgetfulness. It was a forgetfulness I sought desperately, to escape my tormentingly vivid recollection of the children's visit on Friday.

At first, remembering each moment of it brought only delight. But last night Michael's mischievously smiling face became twisted with grief in my mind's eye and Robby's sweetly appealing little face grew sad and bewildered.

Make no mistake about it: this mother's heart is being methodically and mercilessly broken and the pain is simply not to be imagined. All my heart,

Ethel

MY DEAR SWEETHEART,

One incident of the children's last visit here I forgot to relate to you. While we were discussing the article in the *Guardian*, Mike suddenly looked at me in a quizzical way and said, a little wistfully, "Daddy, I never saw you and Mommy kiss." I guess he saw a newspaper picture of us kissing in the van.

The way he said it, the hunger I saw in his eyes, made him seem to be crying out, "I need my mother and father. Their love, security and comfort have been taken away from me."

Probably because he misses it so keenly now, especially the last year, he has forgotten how openly affectionate we've always been to each other. The great hurt to our children is the thing that plagues me most—

About three months ago one of the fellows here planted an orange pip in the dirt in a crack in the concrete. As all of us are interested in living things in this bleak place, we watered it, nursed it along and it took firm root in the soil and began to flourish. By now it has grown to eight inches, bloomed, flowered, and has small oranges on the branches. Can you imagine the contrast? Bars, concrete, walls—and an orange tree growing in a crack. Thriving freshness, beauty and life—in this tomb.

We, too, will continue to grow in this negative atmosphere. I think of the time when we'll enjoy our home again and our children's sweetness.

All my heart I send you, *Julie*

MY DARLING JULIE,

There is no question about it, we have a legal expert to be reckoned with; what's just as important is that we have a

friend in whom we may place complete confidence. It is when I watch him handling the children that my love for him grows even more boundless.

The children haunt me day and night. Quite frankly, I'm getting fed to the teeth with people who pride themselves on being regular "child psychologists." No kidding! Oh, and dieticians, too, let's not forget them!

Seeing the children has opened wide a floodgate; I am one vast vessel of pain. It feels as though every last inch of me beats with hurt. Always your own,

Ethel

DARLING,

More than a decade ago, at Christmas time, , I met a young lady, fair, sweet, unassuming. This is the Ethel I married and it's the best thing that ever happened to me.

Twelve glorious years we've spent together. Always sharing, seeking together life's joy, and as honest citizens taking part in mankind's progressive efforts. As man and wife we courageously assaulted life's hurdles. We have lived, been happy, learned and continued to grow—

To me it's remarkable that we have stood up so well against physical discomfort, mental agony, emotional stress and complete isolation—and always in the shadow of death. In spite of this gloom and occasional despair we are holding our heads high and are completely confident of our final victory and its fruits—going home to our children. All that is happening we see clearly, and we will never bend a knee to this tyranny.

My love, I have tried to show you how complete you have made my life. I hope on this birthday of yours you can get some sustenance from my mind and heart set forth on paper. Always adoring you,

Julie

MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

Is it in your heart to forgive me for having been so

foolishly unhappy this morning? Please write me a letter at once, assuring me you bear with me in my struggle to attain maturity; plaster it with declarations of love and don't spare the extravagant language. Myself, I love you so deeply I am bereft of words. I can only sit here and weep bitterly for you and the children and our devastated lives.

My dear, have faith in me; your faith alone builds my confidence, restores me to my rightful place in my own eyes and defends me against the cold barren emptiness of existence here.

I'd appreciate it if you would give the question of the Jewish holidays and their special significance for us, as part of a prison congregation, your serious consideration between now and our next talk.

And now, dearest, goodnight. Whatever tomorrow may bring, I lay aside the burdens of the day with the clear conscience that is given only to the pure in heart. I hold your dear face between my hands as I used to do so long ago and kiss you with all my heart. Lovingly,

Ethel

HELLO, MY GIRL,

I have been giving deep thought to our last Wednesday visit. After I thought it through I felt that I should have sided with you, because you are completely hemmed in, at the mercy of these outrageous emotional barbs, and under terrific mental tension. Because, too, your outburst, even though softly said and politely stated, is the result of many just grievances.

Darling, I'm glad you stood up and sounded off. But please don't spoil the good points by tearing yourself down and belittling. The only important thing is that you don't let this affect you so.

You are growing even now and rest assured I'm in your corner 100 per cent of the time. You are a good and really great person, with compassion and warmth, but too soft-hearted.

I hope we may be able to spend my birthday and our anniversary together in our home. Perhaps I'm a bit optimistic, but our kind of people always are. Happy birthday, dearest.

Julie

MY DEAREST ETHEL,

I'm sitting at my desk looking at your sweet face which is pasted on the wall beside the children's pictures. On the occasion of the Jewish New Year I want to wish you a happier life, and that you continue being the person you are.

Lena's visit was a good one. She asked me to tell you that Manny's wife sent Mike two cowboy guns and a holster, and Robby, a ferris wheel that goes around and rings a bell.

Ever since I received the *Guardian* articles, I've been reading and re-reading them. The truth is being made known finally and good, decent people are beginning to come to our aid in increasing numbers. The letters to the editor are so heart-warming.

I spent most of the afternoon with my ear glued to the radio tensely listening to a splendid game which the Dodgers finally won. Jackie Robinson gave it a thrilling finish with a home run.

Oh, my darling, how beautiful you look.

Julie

MY DARLING,

So now I am thirty-six years old. My second birthday behind bars was marked by a variety of lovely cards, sent by my dear husband's family, his sons and his wonderful self.

I am thinking now of the darkened streets of the lower East-Side, early morning throngs of people will be hurrying to the synagogues to pray. I earnestly hope their prayers are answered, yet life has taught me that theory without practice can be a pretty empty, meaningless gesture. Lip-service

simply does not bring about the peace and good-will and security all decent humanity so bitterly craves. We must not use prayer to an Omnipotent Being as a pretext for evading our responsibility to our fellow beings in the daily struggle for the establishment of social justice. Jew and Gentile, black and white, all must stand together in their might!

Winter seems to have descended upon us without preliminary. Today's lowering sky was much more typical of January, and it ain't fair. Grimly I paced the concrete, lost in thought and scorning the wind's sharp sting. The Dodgers' victory over the Phillies, however, speedily restored me to my usual cheerfulness. And so the day that is always the dullest for me to muddle through is drawing to a close. I greet Monday with renewed vigor and determination; after all, if Monday comes, can Wednesday be far behind? How wonderful to have a week chock full of Wednesdays!

How wisely you counseled me last week; your rebel had subsided considerably but begs to inform you that the lesson had a telling effect! I love you, darling. Your old lady,

Ethel

MY DEAREST,

The weekend came and went with nary a word from you; of course, I consoled myself with your beautiful card; when lo and behold, this afternoon brought a regular windfall of greetings. I arise each morning with the thought of you warm and unspeakably sweet within me and each night give myself into your keeping once more; and all day my heart sings its refrain, "I am loved, I am loved!"

Honey, the *National Guardian* articles are excellent. I don't know when I've felt so confident of our eventual release.

As for the Dodgers, they've made me bite off every last

confounded nail; 10-0, what a trouncing! It's that indomitable spirit that has endeared them to so many. But it is chiefly in their outstanding contribution to the eradication of racial prejudice that they have covered themselves with glory.

And now, with the close of Rosh Hoshanah (the Jewish New Year—Ed.), may I wish for us and for our children, an end to the horror and torment.

I was unutterably moved to hear the Shofar (Ram's horn, ushering in the New Year—Ed.) sounding through our stark surroundings during Jewish services today. Truly am I proud of the inheritance of an ancient people who made an eternal contribution to the civilization of mankind and with whom I shall ever be privileged to be identified!

My dear, good night; in your arms all my dreams will come true! Love,
Ethel

DEAREST JULIE,

I had never dreamed I could experience such intense hunger and such bitter longing; I glow with aliveness the better to savor the ashes of death. No, what is true is that the threat of death only fans the flame in me more fiercely, creating a renewed striving to triumph and to live.

Oh, darling, what a wave of wanting washes over me for the children and for you; it grows more and more difficult to put off my natural maternal and human desires, to warn myself of the searing destruction of our hopes that yet may be ours.

Only love me, my dear husband, I am your wife. Your loving
Ethel

MY SWEETHEART,

The monotony grinds slowly on. I find it harder and harder to busy myself in reading or card-playing. Only as I write to you, look at your sweet face on the wall, say, "Hello, you beauty!" and throw you a big kiss can I feel relieved. I can close my eyes and remember your smiling

face as it looked out at me from behind the bars of your cell. At least in a few days our one hour, Wednesday, will arrive.

Not having a visit from family or from Manny was a disappointment. Another reason for my blue feeling is that I haven't written our two boys and I don't seem to know just what to write to them. Lord knows I love them with all my heart and I want to hear about Mike's school, the house and how things are progressing.

I read an item that the New York Bar Association will come out soon with a blast against the conduct of a certain bipartisan candidate for a New York judgeship because of his conduct in a recent famous trial. Of course, it is speaking about Saypol, and I believe is referring to our case.

It's no use, Ethel, I keep thinking about our former life together and I want it. But my thought is directed to the future, for there lies our salvation. Love you,

Julie

DARLING,

Left word that I be roused at 6.00 a.m.; it was done, but I never budged until 7.00. I guess I just didn't want to face another day here. But now I am talking to you and it is already bright outdoors; the birds are busying themselves with the bread I had scattered for them before coming in for the night and their merry sound makes me want to answer them in song.

I managed to begin a letter to the children that will doubtless be mailed by tomorrow. The rain prompted me to quote some of Robert Louis Stevenson's lines on rain and I suggested to Michael he get Stevenson's poems from the library. Can't wait to see you. Love you, darling.

Ethel

MY WONDERFUL ETHEL,

Honey, yesterday was overwhelming for me. Naturally, when I see you I become very hepped up. Then, I was ex-

cited over the splendid brief read by our legal impresario—

It was wonderful to hear that many good people are rallying to our aid and that a committee on our behalf is mushrooming. My most precious wife, take heart; time will pass quickly as constructive steps are taken for our freedom. I can't wait to see you and talk more about all these new developments. Always yours, *Julie*

DEAREST JULIE,

Since yesterday's exceptionally gratifying visit with you and Manny, I just can't seem to calm down. Disappointing as it was to learn once and for all that acquittal cannot be ours except by verdict of a jury, I already have re-oriented my thinking along more realistic lines. Since I have not been able to accept it emotionally, however, I am still not "with it," as the prison term goes, and foolishly cling to my pipedreams.

My heart is simply bursting with desire to step over that threshold arm-in-arm and hear the children shout for joy at sight of us. By some extraordinary exertion of will I must tear myself away from this tantalizing picture and face further incarceration until this political frame-up is ripped to shreds. Thus far "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak!"

"Patience and fortitude," as Butch LaGuardia used to say; but oh, what misery surrounds us. All my love to you
—Your girl, *Ethel*

MY DEAREST,

Had a nice long visit with my sister Ethel. The heartening news is that things at home have been straightened out and there is much more harmony. Seeing that other people know the whole story and are helping, it becomes contagious. My mother is happier and feels better and people are coming around and showing an interest.

I don't know if Ethel told you of the disagreeable incident that happened to Michael. He had gone to the house

of a boy he met and told this kid's mother about us, and she chased him out of the house and made him feel terrible. When he got home he cried, but they explained that some people are ignorant and prejudiced and reassured him. After a while he was himself again.

From all indications he's getting along nicely at school. He likes his teacher and the work. Now that a committee is being formed I'm confident it can be persuaded to look after our boys' welfare. With enough friends taking an interest it would offset the bad effect.

I can't wait to see this week's *Guardian* and read about the proposed committee.

It's been one-half year for you in the "CC." The next half will bring better times, Your own, *Julie*

MY SWEETHEART,

I enjoyed seeing your sister Ethel immensely, but your letter constituted the high spot of the day for me. For such an old married couple, it ought to be an old story; yet each time you write avowing your love, I experience a thrill of pride and the most genuine kind of guileless pleasure.

I am sick at heart for Michael; he is so young, so young, to know such savage cruelty. We can only be appalled at the sort of inhumanity that brutally punishes an unprotected little boy who never has harmed anyone. Small wonder, however, when you consider the steadily mounting tide of callous disregard for elemental human rights that is undating this country today! Love you,

Ethel

MY DARLING ETHEL,

I can't wait to hear what Michael will have to say about his new-found friends at the coming visit. This time, although I will go to see them empty-handed, I will have lots of things to talk to them about. Since our lawyer will be

present, it just occurred to me we might ask the warden if you and I could see them together.

After the visit we'll be able to look forward to the next issue of the *Guardian*—and I hope more letters from readers.

What we both said before our trial, during it and after it, is coming to pass. It cannot be otherwise. After all, the real, final court and judge is the American people. They are the guardians of our rights, liberty, and yes, our lives.

If it's possible, I'm happy even now—we have not faltered, but have measured up to our own expectations. My love, we're made of solid stuff. Your own,

Julie

HELLO DEAREST,

Just two days ago I looked out through the bars and fed my eyes upon the sight of you. I felt such a stab of tenderness. And in recollection I caressed that memorable evening when the jury deliberated our fate and we refused to give up hope! What a long, tortuous road we have taken since then. Yet, somehow, for all the pain and torment, nothing shakes my conviction that only the proud and the noble are to be found in this particular thorny trail!

I have received no word from home as to whether the children are coming on Monday. I'm not as tense in anticipation as I used to be. It is as though there are periods of dull suspension smack between hilarity and depression. Actually it is a kind of resigned, weary despair that settles on me. Soon I head for a sharper, more anguished despondency when I ask for breath and struggle for equilibrium. Finally, I "make" it, and once more head for battle!

Darling, I have been re-reading the *Guardian* articles. I get so hopeful. I also get scared, and yet I just can't bring myself to think in terms other than victory and our eventual release. Love you,

Ethel

MY WONDERFUL WOMAN,

Thank goodness, we'll be seeing the children tomorrow. I suppose Lena filled you in on the messy details with the incident with Mike, which was even worse than I had feared. I hope to be able to speak to Manny about the situation with Mike and the social worker.

Did my sister tell you about how Robby enumerated all the people he loves and left us out? When he was asked about Mommy and Daddy, he replied: "But why don't they come home?" He asked Lena to bring us home with her. She said he was very happy when he was told he was to visit us. Apart from my own ache over what our boys suffer, I go through all kinds of hell thinking of how you're suffering.

Please, good people, do right by yourselves and us, and make an end to this brutal frame-up. I'm confident and know we'll be set free, but for the sake of the kids I hope it's fast. Your own lover,

Julie

MY DEAREST,

I have done all the crying tonight, I hope, that I am going to do. My end of the visit with the children was a complete fiasco! And I am in the most wretched unhappy state I have experienced yet.

I awaited the children's arrival in a kind of resigned stupor, and now, no matter how sensibly I try to reason with myself that Robby's truculence and Michael's anxiety were the necessarily logical outcome of a set of circumstances over which I had no control, I am rife with a sense of personal failure.

Darling, I shall have no peace until I have poured out my anguish and chagrin to you on Wednesday. Sweetheart, I love you! Your miserable wretch of a wife,

Ethel

DEAREST JULIE,

The more I think about it, the more I am incensed over the gross stupidity that has been displayed in the handling of the children. Oh, sweetheart, it's about time we made our feelings unmistakably plain. It's no use. I am so choked up with all that I know and they don't know that will have to be revealed to them if we want those boys of ours to grow strong and healthy in mind and spirit, that I simply can't tear it out of me and get it down in words. In the meantime, honey, bear with me; I miss you and need you so desperately. Oh, my God, I'm so unhappy. Love,

Ethel

MY DEAREST WIFE,

I'm on pins and needles until I hear from you. I know you are thinking of nothing but the cruel hardships and emotional hurts the kids are experiencing. The joint plans we've agreed upon must be put in execution at once. They must have the help of a professionally-trained social worker.

Perhaps by the time you get this letter we already will have received the legal brief from the Circuit Court of Appeals. I suggest you read it and prepare notes—we might come up with some suggestions that could be used in our oral argument or in the rebuttal brief.

Of course, it isn't easy for innocent people to sit in the shadow of death and not go to pieces, but sweetheart, we are here because we wouldn't knuckle under. We will continue to stand our ground with all progressives for decency, freedom, peace and real justice.

Remember our motto, my loved one—"Courage, confidence and perspective." Your loving husband,

Julie

HELLO, DARLING,

My sweet, I'm so sorry I was impatient during our last meeting, but I was fresh from several days of horrible mental anguish and my brains felt like so many scrambled eggs.

I'm afraid you must be getting rather fed up with all the moaning I am doing *via* the mail of late. Dearest, I entreat you to show me forbearance. I am half out of mind with anxiety, and with the determination to obtain for the children their day in court. (I shall end up as an advocate yet; this legal stuff is getting into my very bones!) All my love,

Ethel

HELLO, JULIE DEAREST,

Since Wednesday and all the good, sweet words that passed between us, I have been walking on air. My dear one, rest easy; I am ever-fortified in your love.

I am hoping to compose myself enough this weekend to drop a few lines to Michael and Robby. As for the many offers of assistance the *Guardian* has received from readers with regard to the children, I feel the closest bond with these "strangers." I am speechless with admiration for my new-found brothers and sisters! I love you,

Ethel

MY DARLING,

It was a pleasure to see you in such good spirits. When I see you I feel strong and elated and am able to plow through another week until our hour.

An eternity of time is crawling along and it seems we're in a bottomless pit with no connection to reality. Only contact with you Manny and the children drags me back to life.

If we can hear concrete results on plans for helping our boys I'll be more than pleased. Then, too, if we can get some good news from the committee we'll feel a whole lot better. It is important that we become part of a living thing that is presenting the true facts about our case.

Another day, week, month—soon, soon—this can't go on forever. I have no doubt, regardless of how long it will take, that we will be completely vindicated. I think of, I dream

of, yes, I can clearly see myself taking you home and possessing you completely. There it is, honey, good, wholesome life. We'll see the day. All my love,

Julie

MY DEAREST ETHEL,

As I read this week's *Guardian*, the letters to the editor, the superlatives used made me feel humble. I think the thing that stands out is that we are just ordinary people similar in many ways to the writers of the letters, and other thousands of our fellow-citizens, and in our case they see part of themselves, and the thought strikes them that they, too, are threatened with similar catastrophe.

The 16-page pamphlet is the first real beginning; we can expect a mounting tide of support. It increases my determination to come through all this mess victorious.

Today is Armistice Day, when each human being should analyze the significance of the war dead, the better to learn the need of world peace. We two form a little diversion in the martial game of world chess.

By now it is Monday night—one day closer to seeing you. Adoring you more and more—some day we'll get married, yes! Your own,

Julie

GOOD MORNING SWEETHEART,

I just had a pleasant breakfast. It is only 7.30 a.m., but already our laughter is resounding through the women's wing. It is so wonderful to wake up and find a sweet little lady on hand (one of the prison matrons—Ed.) with whom one is able to be entirely relaxed and natural and enjoy a humorous exchange. There is only one other such gal here and I am truly grateful for them both.

Thoroughly relished every word of your last letter. Love you,

Ethel

MY DEAREST LOVE,

After you waved goodbye at the door, I collapsed and cried, and spent an afternoon and evening alternating tense apprehension with a determination to stand my ground emotionally. My head ached and my stomach knotted, but I "made" it. I awoke elated to think that again by sheer will and intelligence I had turned the tables. Now I'm as comfortable and relaxed as a student in good standing at the College of Civics (CC's to you) possibly can be. Love,

Ethel

MY DARLING JULIE,

A wintry sky and sharp wind sent me stamping briskly about the yard, as though by so doing I might stamp out the rising panic, the threatened assault upon my decent human courage. The unyielding loneliness which engages me in a grim and continuous battle took possession unopposed today; it sank its fangs so deep I wept helplessly. Oh, when shall I know again the sweetness of sharing the happiness that is within the grasp of a man and a woman!

I have been reading again *Gentleman's Agreement*, and it made me realize how starved I was for intellectual exchange, for warm bond with other human beings.

It is Monday morning, and the tedium of Sunday is lifted. I am in a constant fever to be ever-hastening elsewhere—all of the tremendous distance that lies between one day and the next! Please, sweetheart, where's that magic formula that will insure our own happy ending?

Love you and kiss you with all my soul!

Ethel

IV

APPEALS—LOWER COURTS

MY SWEET,

What do you think, now that the consultation with Manny is over? There is nothing else we could ask for, short of going home. Added to the encouraging activity on our behalf is the news that things are under control at home. Looking at you, I was sure you felt as I, completely removed from these surroundings and once again part of worthwhile living. And aside from the fact that we are innocent, an impartial reading of the brief can give no answer but complete vindication for us.

A chicken dinner reminds me that it is Thanksgiving. We can be thankful that we still are able to participate in fighting for justice, peace and a better life for all.

Ethel dearest, we need strength to continue to withstand all this heavy pressure. Precious woman, my will and love for you are stronger than these bars. You're always mine and only death can change that. Your own,

Julie

MY DEAREST ETHEL,

The latest book, *Cheaper by the Dozen*, helps the time pass, but the most refreshing pastime is a good session of chess. I believe that even though it might be construed as escapist—my chess—that anything which makes it easier for us is very important.

Yesterday Cal played me to a three-hour draw. It was a fascinating game right down to the last move. Somehow tonight I managed to beat him two quick ones. On the whole, we're evenly matched and I enjoy playing him very much, but soon he'll be getting more legal papers and I'll lose a partner.

I hope we'll soon be seeing the booklet printed on our

case. So much is at stake for us and for all justice in our land, and tremendous effort is needed to carry the message to the people.

Are you aware that many times during the day I sit at my table and look at your picture on the wall and talk to you? Yes, my dear, I worry, too, and do have some doubts, but only for moments, because it cannot be otherwise than that we shall have a victorious homecoming. Our innocence is our strongest weapon. With all my being I love you.

Julie

MY VERY OWN DEAR LOVE,

After you were gone the loneliness closed around me. The question beat dully within me: how much could the human heart endure without bursting, how much cruel blocking could the natural instincts stand without release, and where was the release to be obtained? Thought of you and the children was a live torture. But tonight the storm is spent and I am at peace—

Dear, I want to reassure you that all is well with me physically. Armed with “snuggies,” wool socks and rubbers, I am all set to withstand the rigors of the Ossining winter. The longer I remain here the more firmly I am convinced that not only does it require a difficult course of study to become a successful inmate, but it demands a hefty purse. As for “keeping up with the Jones’s,” one can’t avoid this noble concept even in the Sing Sing death house!

How happy I am when I talk with you, only why do I need this miserable pencil and paper when you’re just across the hall. Love you dearly,

Ethel

MY DEAREST,

I’m enthusiastic over your idea of rings for the boys’ presents. You will present them, and I’ll see them wearing our tokens of love. How thoughtful you are for our boys, my mother, other people—I’ll save up my gift to you until

the day we go home together and we can live again. I am very optimistic. Always your own,

Julie

MY DARLING,

When the members of my family praise us for our steadfast courage I can't help feeling shy and at the same time humble, but believe me, I'm proud of us.

Lena said that neighborhood people have begun to show their friendship and my mother begins to feel the support of decent people. Many plans already have been made for a nice holiday for our boys. New people have come forward and are taking the kids to their homes and on outings. Michael has begun to take his piano lessons again and this will give him a chance to make new friends among kids his own age.

The *pièce de résistance* is the splendid news of the Committee's progress.

To the approaching promising day! Your own,

Julie

SWEET VIBELLA,

We'll have lots to share at our big hour Friday. If it should turn out that Robby demands most of the attention, give it to him, as he no doubt needs it, and I'll make up for it with Mike. I'll be able to get the gist of the picture from Manny at the outset. Remember, Ethel, it is a very short time, and don't set your sights too high. What I'm trying to say is, don't allow yourself to be set up for a great disappointment.

We must stress that this terrible situation is only temporary and we will be coming home when this is over. Can you suggest to Mike the idea of making pictures, drawings, and crayon sketches at home and sending us some of his accomplishments? See if you can get him to write us as he did in the past. I love you,

Julie

SWEETHEART,

This will have to be a rather perfunctory few lines but I want you to know what I've accomplished since our talk. I sent Manny a letter reminding him we expected him to bring the kids the 19th, and suggesting how to minimize wear and tear in making early train connections. He's to go to the house in a cab, which is to take everybody to the train, and he's to give the kids bread and butter and fruit en route rather than rushing them through a full breakfast at home. I reminded him to buy their milk in Ossining before arriving here.

I mentioned the liquidation of the shop and asked that some of the toy money go toward such materials—records, books, and so on—as will dramatize Chanukah for the children. Love,

Ethel

MY LOVE,

During the week it seemed my feelings had congealed like the ice out in the yard; your warmly expressed thoughts had a thawing effect. I now realize what a hard crust had formed across my heart.

It was fortunate this lonely, visitless weekend was bright with sun after the snowstorm. All togged out in my "CC" finery, and looking like a small roly-poly cop in my visor hat and military coat, I trudged determinedly through the snow. By now there's very little left that doesn't bear my footprints.

I am so delighted when your thoughts coincide with mine. How did you know I had been planning to let Robby more or less set the pace and give him as much attention as he needs, and as I possibly can, without depriving Michael altogether, and that in the event Robby demanded a lot, you could make it up to Michael?

You are absolutely right; if I could learn to set less store by what does or does not get accomplished in the short time given us, I should gain tremendously, and certainly

the children wouldn't suffer any more because of it. It is easier said than done, however, and tension is bound to build up in me until I actually lay eyes on them. Love you,
Ethel

MOST PRECIOUS ETHEL,

The Chanukah services last Tuesday brought back memories. Just two years ago we celebrated the Festival of Lights in our own home with our boys, playing the same records. I remember your careful selection of toys and gifts, and your many preparations. This holiday, signifying the victory of our forefathers in a struggle for freedom from oppression and tyranny, is a firm part of our heritage and buttresses our will to win our own freedom.

I am optimistic as to —. Love of my life, this has to end sometime. Hurry, hurry, let it happen soon. Your own,

Julie

MY DEAREST ONE,

I know how our thoughts hurled across the space that separated us as the Chanukah candles burned and the music played! The dramatic intensity and beauty of the songs, so expressive of the tremendous creative powers of the people of Israel and their capacity to struggle for their freedom, filled me with pride and gladness.

And although the tears spilled over, once I was back in my cell and saw the greeting cards from Lena, Ethel and their respective families, I felt myself inspired beyond measure. Yours always,

Ethel

MY ADORABLE WIFE,

By the time you get this a very dark year for us will have become history. Progress has been made in organizing a campaign to obtain justice for us, but it still is too little and too slow. Being a realist, I am fully aware of the great effort

that is needed to overcome the paralyzing inertia that the Justice Dept. has instilled in the American people. With courage, added confidence and perspective, a happy New Year to you, my love.

It was heart-warming to hear from my sister how completely the boys' holiday has been filled with interesting visits, the company of warm people, thoughtful gifts and love. Many friends are coming forward and volunteering aid.

Sweetheart, we'll make up to our boys for all they've been denied. I repeat again that I look to you in the coming year to be my rock, my inspiration and all that is beautiful in life to me. All my heart,

Julie

— BEST WISHES — LOVE — HAPPINESS —
FREEDOM — PEACE!

MY DARLING ETHEL,

How happy I am to have two such wonderful sisters, completely devoted to us and constantly working in our behalf. Lena was brimming over with news: that you are fine and feeling good, and that the Committee has accentuated its work, and that the office is a beehive of activity in our behalf.

Support is pouring in from all over the world. And in the newspaper advertisement we can see the results of the campaign to win public opinion to the truth. The Sunday *Daily News* said the D. A. filed his 82-page brief in court. My guess is that oral argument will take place within two weeks. As far as this particular court is concerned, this is it. Because we have many telling points and sound legal reasoning in our brief, I am optimistic, but anything is possible because of the nature of our case.

Lena gave me a good account of Michael and Robby. There is noticeable improvement in their emotional security during the last month. Love you as always,

Julie

MY LOVELY ETHEL,

An item from Thursday's *Law Journal* indicates our case will be the third one to be heard by the Circuit Court of Appeals. Probably by next week the rebuttal brief will be submitted, and this will be the end of the first round. Dearest, we've got to grit our teeth and bear up under the new strains while the three judges deliberate on the appeal. All we need now is a fair shake.

Above all, we must be prepared for a negative decision, because there is no guarantee in a case like ours that law, facts, and fair play will be the deciding factors. In spite of this, I am confident we will get a reversal.

There is a pleasant aroma in my cell and it is due to four Jewish salamis hanging from the juncture of my fly-leaf table. A one-inch remnant of the first proud delicacy that I devoured is beckoning me to complete my gluttonous feasting. I must confess I've put aside my diet. But I assure you I eat no more than half of one a day. Say, wouldn't it be swell if we could get some pastrami? Better still, I'd like to eat at Katz's—one day I'll take you there. All my love,

Julie

MY SWEETEST WIFE,

I feel quite disturbed because we didn't have enough time at our legal consultation and I believe I left you with a wrong impression of my brusque conduct. I was terribly keyed-up until our counselor arrived, and then was so set on hearing all about the legal argument and briefs that I was a bit hasty and impatient. Please, sweetheart, understand me; I know you must feel that I didn't give you enough consideration and to an extent you are right. Drop me a note and tell me all is forgiven. I love you very much and I don't want to infringe on your rights, or cause you any unnecessary pain.

I am elated at the news that many people are flocking to our support. All who read the pamphlet immediately see the nature of our case and want to do something about it. This

is the real guarantee that we are not alone and that our chances of obtaining justice are much better.

On the whole I feel in high spirits. I love you with all my heart,
Julie

MY SWEETEST,

I have been in an emotional dither since Manny left, especially since there were many things my heart longed to say to you, darling, as we parted. Julie dearest, of course I'm not angry! Yes, I am, at that; I'm angry to a point of boiling fury at our helplessness in the face of our enforced separation. The injustice of our having to endure all this fills me with righteous indignation.

Sweetheart, expect me to pull a couple of boners now and then. Not that your temporarily sharp reaction exactly cramped my style outwardly, or even caused me to lose any sleep; still, it does make me feel I haven't your genuine acceptance of my right to make, yes, an ass of myself, if you will.

Whatever might be involved, I love you, dear one, as I love my very own life. All my love, your *Ethel*

MY DEAREST,

I had a most gratifying visit with my sister. Isn't it remarkable how people can grow and rise to the occasion? I am sure my sisters amaze even themselves by the effectiveness of their activities. The reason is obvious; they are good, decent women, and our cause is just and is tied to home by flesh and blood. Yes, my dearest, the action of these two more than compensates for the shameful behavior of your own family. My sisters are certainly better people for their participation in the campaign, in spite of the emotional pain they are suffering.

Darling Ethel, I am so terribly lonely—When? How soon? How much more can body and mind take? The only consolation is that we are coming closer to our final homecoming. I need your strength, my woman.

Love you more than life itself. *Julie*

MY DEAREST WIFE,

I just came in from my afternoon yard period. The air has a crisp freshness to it—salty, with a fishy odor of the open sea, that gives one a glorious feeling of the vigor, magnitude and ever-moving strength of the river.

It brings with it a certainty of life and a promise of new and greater things. The warming rays of sunshine tell me that spring is close and there is an expectancy in the air, and for us, the dawn of a new day approaching.

As I walk briskly around the yard, eyes focused on the droning airplane in the distance, gliding seagulls and gyrating sparrows, my mind outlines a picture of you walking with me arm-in-arm. Now I am filled with exultant happiness because I have you. Sweetheart, you are mine. Always your,

Julie

MY WONDERFUL DARLING,

This day and every day you are always my sweet valentine. Your strength sustains me. Good news from home and the Committee encourages me. It also helps when I mark off the days on the calendar and know that we are coming closer to the time when we will obtain justice under the law.

Sweetheart, your poetry had the desired effect, and it is our suggestion that you devote more of your leisure time to amusing us with your satirical lyrics. You have captured the crux of the "CC" atmosphere, and as a reward, you have become the poet laureate of "Sing Sing Manor."

Even though I'm going through the Lamont book (*The Independent Mind*, by Corliss Lamont—Ed.) at a very slow pace, I am enjoying every page of it and find it a very stimulating, thought-provoking work. You, too, will find this book worthwhile reading.

There is a big backlog of books on my list but it takes quite a bit of doing to overcome my mental inertia and drive away my worries enough to apply myself. I kiss you tenderly,

Julie

MY SWEETHEART,

I simply have to take time out to thank you for your thoughtful words. How could I possibly misunderstand an expression so patently laden with loving concern and husbandly devotion! Darling, don't you know how solid this combine really is?

7.30 a.m., February 26

My dear one, last night at 10 o'clock I heard the shocking news. (The U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals had rejected their appeal—Ed.).

At the present moment, with little or no detail to go by, it is difficult to make any comment, beyond an expression of horror at the haste with which the government appears to be pressing for our death. Certainly it proves that all our analyses regarding the political nature of our case have been amazingly correct.

My heart aches for the children; unfortunately they are old enough to have heard for themselves, and no matter what amount of control I am able to exercise, my brain reels, picturing their terror. It is for them I am most concerned and it is of their reaction I am anxiously awaiting some word.

Sweetheart, if only I could truly comfort you. I love you so very dearly.

Mail call—courage, darling, there's much to be done.
Your devoted wife, *Ethel*

MY DEAREST ETHEL,

I'm still terribly shocked by the horrible affirmation of our conviction in such apparent haste. The more I think of it the more an idea fills in my mind. I hope the clerk of the court sends me a copy of Judge Frank's opinion.

I intend to go carefully over all he said, pick out all his distortions, omissions, placing of facts in the record that are not there, building up straw men and knocking them down, and his personal views of what took place at our trial expressed.

I can't help but see the deceit and sophistry used by a so-called "liberal" and honorable man to continue this political frame-up. He brings into play all sorts of rhetoric to camouflage the fact that our lives are being sacrificed in the interest of keeping non-conformers in line.

Now more than ever it is necessary for us to exert all our efforts in the only manner we have left to us—to expose this star-chamber proceeding. Sweetheart, I am sure that your talents can be useful here. We are going to town to win a battle!

Because we are coming close to our final decision and at the present rate we are also close to our death, I see more clearly than ever that you mean more to me than anything else in life, including my own flesh and blood. Ethel, because of you I've lived a full life and nothing can destroy it. Always yours,

Julie

DARLING,

Although I don't imagine anyone will feel exactly in the mood for a birthday celebration, it is important that the children's lives be as little affected by the decision as possible.

Certainly I myself should not desire a large gathering where everyone strains for a gaiety that is non-existent, but Mike should have the happy privilege of inviting a couple of kids in to share a birthday cake and some fun, and he and Robby should be taken out for a special treat. I plan to talk to Lena on this, stressing the need to maintain a genuine cheerfulness about the house, as nothing is so destructive to a child as an atmosphere of continual despair.

I am lashed by the most tremendous kind of longing. dearest, if we could only be together. I love you so much. Your devoted,

Ethel

V

APPEALS—THE PUBLIC

DEAREST WIFE,

Yes, any illusions we may have had that judges of the higher courts are above hysteria and politics are completely destroyed.

We must soberly realize that our only hope rests with people. The stark terror of the impending death sentence does not change that. Only they can stop this legal lynching.

Since the interpretation of the law as set forth by Judge Frank puts in grave danger all progressives and non-conformists—and others as well—I am positive that our fellow-citizens will rally to nullify this action.

I expect that at this late hour the campaign to bring our case before the public will gather momentum and after the meeting¹ we'll begin to make headway.

I am sure we'll do our part and that is why I'm looking forward to getting a copy of the opinion and going to work on it. I'm going to suggest to Manny, too, that when the records are printed for certiorari each of us gets a copy.

Your plans for combining the children's visit with a consultation are excellent; it will depend on our counselor's ability to spare us the time now when so much legal work must be done. Until Wednesday—love,

Julie

P.S.—Keep singing and punching, my wonderful girl; the future holds many good possibilities. You know—"courage, confidence and perspective."

MY SWEETHEART WIFE,

Wednesday afternoon I got Michael's picture. Darling, it's beautiful, just like our boy. There is something about this

picture with its slight smile that reminds me of you. On the birthday card I am sending out tonight I wrote how happy it makes me to have this gift of his. The letter to Robby also went out and I am sure the kids will get a kick out of my efforts. Do you think, Mommy, your boy is getting to look handsome? Like his father!

Ethel, last Wednesday's visit was a pretty good one and I believe we will be able to continue work on the important matters. Believe me, it is only in this sense that I am interested in having the Appeals Court decision and the trial record. We may be able to help our lawyer in pointing out the discrepancies in the testimony of those witnesses who helped frame us. And it is important to our morale to participate actively in this fight for our lives that at the same time has such significance for the American people.

We never were wallflowers and we intend to make our weight felt. I hope you can get as much strength from my love for you as your love has given me. Keep trying, sweetheart. Your devoted,

Julie

MY WONDERFUL WOMAN,

The splendid news my sisters brought of the Pythian Temple meeting and other activities surpassed my estimate of the fight-back to date. Let us hope that non-partisan liberal and conservative elements will take a part in the case. At stake here are the rights, security and very lives of all brave people of all shades of opinions.

No small factor is the need to combat anti-Semitism that surrounds the case. I have reference to the fact that since we are innocent they seize on the conviction, although it is illegal, and say, "Look, it is the Jews who are responsible." I am still very confident, but without any illusions as to the difficulties we face. Our family, incidentally, is right on the ball.

Ethel, we've just begun to fight. Keep your sights on the future. Always your devoted,

Julie

MY SWEETHEART,

Light of my life, rose of my heart, you my beloved being kept apart from me, are the thing I hold most dear. When I see your beautiful expressive face I know we are as one. I for one marvel at the growth of our relationship here in these surroundings.

I am convinced that mere physical separation shall not deny us our love and our complete union—though we'll have to wait a while, darling, each in his own little horror chamber.

Just keep on being my Ethel. I want you the way you are. Your devoted husband, *Julie*

MY SWEETHEART,

I wonder if you know how extraordinarily precious you are? It's an altogether astonishing idea to me that seeing you and hearing you for such an insignificant length of time should do me so much good!

Into the bargain, Wednesday afternoon brought me a letter from your sister Ethel, with a few lines from Michael, to wit: "Dear Mommy, I had a birthday party on March 9,

. I had a wonderful time, Aunt Ethel and her family, Aunt Lena and her family and A—— came. Ethel brought the birthday cake and candy—we played musical chairs, and I played the piano. Thanks for the cards. Love from Michael and Robert." Of course, you will have to wait until next week to see the kid's beautiful handwriting and precious mis-spelling.

Ethel wrote chiefly of the party; she and Lena went to town with cake, candy, candles, napkins, chocolates, party hats and ice cream! They bought him long-sleeved undershirts, sport shirts and slacks. Mike's friend gave him some kind of stencil and lacquer set and Robby a weaving set, which he enjoyed with the help of the boy's mother.

Darling, just go on loving me; I need your support and approval so badly. The loneliness is ghastly. All my love,

Ethel

MY DEAR ONE,

How happy I am when I am with you; the very air changes and the heaviness lifts, and the will to live and work and fight is mine again!

Darling, this morning a letter is going out to the children explaining the delay in the visit and reassuring them of our love. I received a lovely Easter card from them.

There was also a letter from Ethel. One thing she wrote was: "Thank goodness, the children are fine now, but whenever Michael goes to the toilet at night he arouses Mama to tell her. A small light is on in the foyer between the bedroom and the bathroom, and it burns all night. Perhaps you can tell Michael that once he arouses Grandma, it is hard for her to fall asleep again."

Please, dearest, be as calm and as clear and as firm as you know how to be when you see Ethel or Davy this weekend. I am at my wit's end as to how to place the most effective emphasis on that! Love, *Ethel*

MY WONDERFUL ETHEL,

It seems to me that in the latest opinion handed down by the Circuit Court of Appeals¹ there are grounds for believing we positively will get certiorari. Besides Judge Frank's concession that there are debatable points of law involved, there is his answer on our two points. Instead of destroying them it actually makes them stronger. This looks to me like our first break in the courts.

Our lawyer will be in court Monday on delaying the court's mandate until the Supreme Court gets our case. I gather he will have to file his brief for certiorari within 30 days. Manny has a great deal of work cut out for him but I hope we don't have to wait too long to see him.

¹ Concerning the contention that the death sentence constituted 'cruel and unusual punishment', Judge Frank referred to the Quirin case where this was at issue, and stated: 'As, however, the Supreme Court did not specifically discuss it, that Court may well think it desirable to review that aspect of our decision in this case'.

At times I just feel sick to the stomach with all this barren, senseless and cruel terror of waiting for execution.

It is good to know that even without the facts having been publicized to any extent, the entire Jewish press was aghast at the brutal sentence.

Now that the facts are being spread, ever wider groups of people will come to our support. It's tough, hard, and oh, so long—but it's the only road to complete vindication, and nothing less will do. Always devoted, your, *Julie*

DARLING WOMAN,

You know, it's wonderful to see you feeling good. I watched your face as you were busy sopping up all the good news Manny was telling us, and it was beautiful. I, too, soared to new heights at the splendid work being done by our lawyer, the Committee and the many decent human beings supporting our fight for justice.

Keep your chin up, Ethel. If we must suffer through this nightmare, then the very manner in which we conduct ourselves will contribute to the general welfare of the people. For we are serving notice that we don't scare easy. The working men and women in our country don't either, when they know the facts.

We've left a big chunk of suffering behind us these last two years and we are coming closer to our emancipation. All my heart I send you— *Julie*

MY SWEETHEART,

It is now 6.30 p.m. and dusk is settling rapidly into night, and a couple of late birds, chirping sparrows, are still flitting noisily back and forth in front of the window facing my cell. Yes, my love, summer is on its way, and the half hour of sunshine I had today gave me new desire to be free.

A tremendous amount of work is necessary to offset opposition from the leaders of the so-called "liberal" organizations. Even on the question of peace many of these "leaders" have refused to speak up. Many others doubtless

would speak up in our behalf but are frightened of being labeled "unorthodox."

I do hope the children will come this Sunday. Now take it easy and don't worry. Your devoted husband,

Julie

MY SWEET,

From the newspapers and from all that my dear sister Lena told me it is evident that responses are pouring in to the Committee. The public is beginning to discuss the issues in our case. The attendance at rallies, the contributions and the petitions coming into the Committee office are bearing out our faith in the American people.

Because of these results, the professional propagandists of hate are howling "red" to frighten these decent people. I expect to see their campaign of vilification grow in volume. All my love, your own,

Julie

MY VERY DEAREST JULIE,

Yesterday I looked at my photo of Mike with his hair falling down over his forehead and his tie awry, and thought I should burst with longing. How I should love to have a similar photo of my Robby instead of merely a snap. I must remind Ethel of my request for same.

On May 14, my sweet, as the State of Israel celebrates its fourth birthday, our Robby will be celebrating his fifth. More power to both!

Lover, goodbye for now; many kisses until I'm looking across at you from out of my cage again! Love you ever so much.

Ethel

SWEETHEART,

The hopes of mankind this Memorial Day will be for peace in the world. Daily I scan the newspapers for signs that peace is nearer and I feel sure most people are doing exactly this.

Our own stamina is possible not only because of our innocence, but our understanding of the issues at stake. We have

been clear, forthright and outspoken as always, because we have nothing to hide. It is our accusers and prosecutors who are in mortal fear of the truth. This can be the only explanation for the lies and smears they have had printed against us—an organized campaign to discredit us and prevent people from examining the facts in the case, for they know they presented no evidence.

Remember, my wife, I love you. *Julie*

MY ADORABLE ETHEL,

Keep your hat on, my sweet, in ten days our counselor will be here with the petition and brief to the Supreme Court. We've got a long stretch ahead of us, my love, so renew your lease and plan for a couple of seasons of Ossining housekeeping. I'm looking forward to a pleasant summer replete with good news on our behalf.

I just looked up at the picture of our little Robby standing in front of his Grandma. Ethel, what I saw moved me so. There was my beloved mother, full of compassion, aged with experience, pain and hardship, and yet a symbol of courage and strength. It is so important to our loved ones and all Americans that we win a decisive victory. It is gratifying to see how enthusiastic my brother and sisters become as they realize the great extent of help the public is giving us. We must take new courage from our new-found friends. They are making the issues clear. All my love, your, *Julie*

MY DEAREST JULIE,

All day I have been hankering to talk to you! Try to convince this silly heart, just try, that conversation with you takes place on Wednesdays only. It pays me exactly no attention and goes on longing for you. I am fully and painfully aware, of course, that your own heart is every bit as captious as mine.

Darling, your birthday came and went with nary a kiss from your wife or hug from your children. It came and it went much the same as every day comes and goes in here.

Love you so very dearly, and miss you more all the time. Kiss me goodnight, the way you used to, my dear husband. Your wife and children adore their wonderful Daddy. Your loving,
Ethel

MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

How could I forget our biggest day? Ashamed as I am to admit it, I must own up to this reprehensible omission. I have only this to say on my behalf: I live with such a nagging, blinding misery, that I grow dully indifferent to the passage of time, even to missing up on a date with as much significance as June 18!

What can I do, your wife is a worry wart! She is, however, trying desperately to become a fairly presentable woman; to date, unfortunately, all my efforts have availed me nothing but three shapeless, formless garments.

Have you been kissing me goodnight of late? Because I never fail to kiss you! Oh, darling, what a ghastly farce we are compelled to endure! So impossibly lonely—

Ethel

MY LOVELY ETHEL,

Ever since reading about the events leading up to the cancellation of the meeting (scheduled for Brooklyn Academy of Music, June 18—Ed.) I've been searching in vain through all newspapers and nary an inkling of what happened. Of course no one but the *Compass* protested this undemocratic act, but how come they didn't follow it up and report on the meeting?

Honey, I'm sorry I monopolized so much of our short visit. Rest assured that next time I'll make it up to you. I recall how wonderful it used to be at home, each of us working and sharing our work, problems, fun and love.

Ethel, you must understand it is not easy for me to put things in writing. I would prefer to tell you directly. Always devoted,

Julie

HELLO SWEETHEART,

Today was moving day again for five of us and now I'm closer to you, residing in Cell No. 1 in the west wing. I spent a couple of hours washing bars, sink, bowl and floor. I was bathed in sweat but feel pretty good now as the cell is very clean and was recently painted. Also there is a new mattress. I'll miss the pleasant company of men I've lived with for more than a year, however.

I can tell by the loud braying Howard Rushmore is doing in the *Journal-American*, trying his darnedest to prevent public rallies on our case, that the Committee is having a great deal of effect.

I am beginning to get a little anxious over the coming visit of the boys, but each visit with them is better than the last. I hope they'll be leaving for the country soon, for this weather is oppressive, and I'm sure they'll thrive with good company, good play, and good fun. I must talk to my family about my mother's visit. I'm worried about her traveling alone.

Try to keep cool and collected, my love. I'm still carrying the torch for you, remember, in spite of the heat wave.
Always love, Julie

HELLO, DARLING,

I am so completely enamored of our petition that I have high hopes we will be granted certiorari, if it gets the attention it should receive. It is a stupendous legal document, displaying a beautiful integration of concise and poignant language and devastating legal argument. I would like to see copies of the petition and the appendix circulated as widely as possible.

My sister and I had a wonderful visit. She was able to stay until the end of the visiting period because one of the persons visiting another prisoner was to give her a ride into the city. I was elated over the news she brought of the rallies, and I was pleased to hear that Howard Rushmore lied when he reported that Rabbi Sharff (Rabbi Meyer

Sharff of Brooklyn—Ed.) would not appear any more at our rallies because it was charged that they were “communist-controlled.”

Say, darling, I’m only 30 feet from you! But the steel doors are equivalent to endless distance. We are getting closer to our final decision and I’m optimistic we’ll win our freedom.

Love you with all my heart. *Julie*

MY SWEET VIBELLA,

Taking up most of the wall above my desk is a full page of last year’s July 4 issue of the *New York Times* reprinting the Declaration of Independence. By now, it’s turning yellow with age and in one corner, alongside the other signature, appears my name. Since I take second place to no other American in my loyalty to my country, I am going to let it remain here fittingly decorating my cell. By our conduct in this case, when our lives are at stake, we are illustrating the fundamental tenets of our democracy. No amount of distortion and deliberate rewriting of American history can hide its progressive drive. I prepare for July 4 by reading the Beards’ *History of America* and studying the meaning of what is happening today. The new tyrants are emasculating our constitutional safeguards and threatening the people’s liberties and lives. We’re right and we must win. Your devoted husband, *Julie*

MY PRECIOUS ETHEL,

Dave brought very good news about our children and the work of the Committee. We also must talk about getting a specialist for my mother before her eyes get any worse; I was terribly upset to hear about her continued trouble with them.

I read something in the *Herald Tribune* that corroborated what my brother told me about Committees to Secure Justice being organized all over the country.

This makes it two years that we have been torn from each

other's arms and away from the warmth of our love. But all we have suffered has not changed us nor our relationship. The beautiful part of it is that we will win in more ways than one, and I am talking about ourselves as human beings.

Peace has a most important effect on our situation. For if cold-war-politics-as-usual dominates the highest court we'll not get a reversal.

Accept all the love of my heart. Your devoted,

Julie

DEAREST,

You looked so beautiful in your new dress, and the clarity of your understanding, particularly of our case, gave me a secure feeling—that we're in the groove.

This summer will be a fruitful one for the boys. Our stubborn efforts to see that they were placed in a new environment where they can make new friends seem to have brought success.

I'm greatly relieved over reports of my mother's eyes, but I'll continue on the alert to see that her health is not neglected.

I've been day-dreaming, darling, imagining myself with you and the boys on a vacation, and it sure is a wonderful feeling to be with one's family again. All my love,

Julie

MY SWEETEST JULIE,

I simply must take time out from my reading to share with you a most wonderful piece of news. Along with your letter this afternoon came one from the children, evidently in answer to one you sent them last week. Of course I shall read it to you Wednesday, but I couldn't contain myself until then.

You can't possibly know how eagerly I look forward to seeing you each Wednesday; your tender words so faithfully communicated week in, week out, do comfort me.

This horrible heat has dampened my ardor for handball,

writing letters or anything even remotely connected with effort.

Love, I grow impatient; I want you so desperately, and all I may do is improvise with a confounded pencil on a confounded piece of paper! How much dearer to me you are than you have ever been! Your lonely one, *Ethel*

MY MOST CHARMING WIFE,

Would you believe that I've been walking on a cloud since our last visit? You look lovely in your new clothes. They lend an air of freshness, and a promise of happier surroundings for you, my dearest.

Our boys are enjoying every minute of the day camp and their stay with their new friends. They are to call my mother every week and reverse the charges so she will have the pleasure of talking to them. Mike's letter was splendid, and by all indications many of the questions about our case which perplexed him will receive adequate answers from warm and friendly people there.

Oh, honey, the days are long and time just crawls, and all this time I should be near you. However, in spite of it all, we know the score All my heart's love, *Julie*

DARLING,

I'm simply carried away, enthralled, enraptured! You can't guess. Well, I've been listening to "Old Man Tosc" conducting the NBC summer symphony. What a magnificence of sound that guy can call forth; it's positively incredible. All right, sweetheart, I'll cut it out and pay some attention to my own guy. I want to state here and now (details on Wednesday) that I had such a pleasant visit with my brother Bernie that it served to counteract some of the desolate feeling that usually sets in over weekends.

Julie dear, another of your earnest epistles just made its appearance. You're so serious-minded, so sincere, I could eat you in sheer extremity of feeling! Love you, sweetest,

Ethel

SWEETHEART,

Another day, another week and still another month. Time marches on—without us—and we are left to suffer through monotonous, endless loneliness, stripped of all we hold dear but our self-respect. How else could one maintain his strength but to reassert the cardinal principles of his life and call on all his past experience to give him the necessary incentive to stand firm?

Constantly striving to overcome time by reading, writing and blotting out any thoughts of difficulties. But always cognizant of the realities of the situation—

That's us, dear. Perhaps because we have so much to live for and we so love life, we find our separation this hard. Yet the contradiction is that we are able to maintain our stamina precisely because we know all this.

Do you recall our summer vacations with the boys? Can you picture all of us together in the country or at the beach? The fact that people are filling in for us and doing everything for our boys eases the terrible hurt and anxiety. But I feel cheated. Two years, years especially important for our kids, were taken away from us. My only hope is that it will not take too much more time for us to be with our children again. Enough's enough. Oh, tyrants, you've got more than your pound of flesh and blood from two innocent people and their innocent family.

But we hope by exposing this frame-up to be compensated for our own heartaches. At least, other innocent people will not be so easily hurt as we have been. All my love,

Julie

MY DEAR ONE,

I am so utterly alone today I must speak to you. Yesterday I was quite aware of myself as the dispenser of glad tidings, and played the role for all it was worth. Unfortunately, no amount of joy experienced at our meetings compensates for the endless hours of our separation.

Ethel

DARLING,

Finally this morning I scribbled off a fairly decent letter to the children. Yes, dear, I put in your request for carbon copies, and urged them also to send snapshots. Will give you the details on "Wondrous Wednesday." Ah, me, it is still only "Miserable Monday" (just a slight edge over "Sorrowful Sunday") and "Tantalizing Tuesday" is not yet in sight!

Gee whiz, I want you. All my love, *Ethel*

P.S.—My sweet, you sing my praise so extravagantly; of course, I don't like it—not much I don't!

HONEY,

No matter how many times I re-read a letter of yours it always exudes freshness—The very nature of our case and the type of incarceration here, with the ever-present threat of death staring us in the face, gives rise to violent and extreme emotional feelings, plaguing us with innumerable frustrations, but as we have experienced, always causing us to fight back to a stable foundation.

We can be thankful that we have attained the level of understanding to ascertain truthfully our position and keep a correct perspective—our campaign for complete vindication.

Yes, to us, my wife, our lives and freedom are most important, but our case goes to the heart of the political issues that are confronting the country. Take heart, my love, we are not alone, but part of an ever-increasing army for justice and peace. Your fellow, *Julie*

HELLO DARLING,

Within a few weeks some of our friends will be back from vacation and rekindle our waning spirits. I enjoyed my sister's visit very much because of the report she gave me concerning the Chicago conference¹ and what she told me of the Committee's office.

Every visit from members of my family is more and more

¹ Rosenberg committee delegates from many parts of the country met in Chicago.

fruitful, and I'm sure I do not exaggerate when I say that each visit does the visitor even more good. Members of my family always say that whenever they leave us their morale is way up, and they are able to transmit this good feeling to all the persons with whom they discuss our case.

By the way, the P.K. (principal keeper—Ed.) happened by and we had a nice talk. He really is a peach of a person.

In her letter, Ethel said B—— called her in New York last week and said the children are very happy and he loves them dearly. Robby does not hide in corners, the shyness has left him, and Michael has put on weight.

Dearest, let's take firm hold of ourselves and be ready to meet the terrible storm that's brewing. We should resolve to keep our feet firmly planted in reality and not let ourselves be carried away with extraneous matters and hysterical scares. I'm confident we'll do O.K. but let's be prepared anyway. This time I'll save all the song that's in my heart until Wednesday—I'm sure it will have more meaning to your ears than the words I put on paper with such difficulty. All my love. Your, *Julie*

JULIE DARLING,

The concerned tears rose at once as I read your letter. I know your pain, for it is mine. I am constantly tossed upon a sea of righteous wrath for all the pettiness and indignity that hems us in. Sweetheart, I draw you close into loving arms and warm you with my warmth. I feel so inadequate in the sight of your need, yet I long to believe I have had some small something to do with the extraordinary stability you have been exhibiting. Ever your wife,

Ethel

HELLO, SWEETHEART,

I miss you very much and feel lonely. Our lot is bad enough and when there are added unnecessary aggravations it makes one sick. But we must examine each incident in relation to our entire situation.

You can understand that I'm actually writing for my own benefit. Sort of speaking to myself. When I see you I'll tell you of a disagreeable experience.

Michael appears to squint badly in the last set of photos. Since you already made a note of an audiometer test for Robby, add one that Mike should have his eyes examined.

I explained in detail our plans for the children to my sister. We had a good visit and I did my share to cheer her up. Yes, my wife, we, because of our understanding, have to give comfort to our loved ones and friends, and in so doing take just satisfaction. All my heart is for you, my love—
Julie

MY ADORABLE WOMAN,

The first words out of my mother's mouth were, "Your Ethel looks so pretty and sends you her love." We had a most excellent visit. Her seeing the children and knowing they are in competent hands has reassured her. The next personal hurdle is how the boys take to the school and we'll know about it at their next visit.

Well, darling the summer is over and it's been a good one, and now the time for decision is upon us. From here on in, the crucial period of our case is at hand.

Oh, happy day, Wednesday's almost here. All my love.

Julie

ETHEL, MY SUNSHINE,

Now that I've begun this letter I feel much better but I must say it has been one of those blue days worrying about the children, missing you, and with this hayfever knocking the stuff out of me. Well, enough of despair—Wednesday is almost here.

It looks as if many people see the political nature of our case, understand its deeper implications and are working to secure justice for us as an important step in defending civil liberties and fighting for peace.

It's a tough fight, but we're up to it, and the needs of the

hour and justice of our cause impel us to fight for complete victory.

Slowly but surely we are coming to the date of our next major hurdle, the writ of certiorari. I'm optimistic, but no one can predict the idiosyncrasies of the courts.

I need you more than anything else. Your devoted husband,
Julie

MY SWEET ETHEL,

Just after we got through talking about how we hadn't received any news direct from our boys in a while, a swell newsy letter is delivered to us. Of course, you can be sure that I'm itching to see those photos. I promptly sent an answering letter to them and suggest you do the same. Perhaps we should ask them if there is a day camp; maybe it would be better for Robby to be there. The tone of their letter indicates they are getting the kind of security, care and love that will help them to withstand the torments brought about by our case.

I plan to send out the New Year's cards this weekend. Every time a Jewish holiday comes around my mind flashes back to my family and all that it signifies to them. This holiday will take a lot out of them. Especially is this true of my mother. Soon all of us will be tensely awaiting the Supreme Court decision. All my love, *Julie*

SWEETEST JULIE,

More and more I tend to withdraw into myself, emerging fully only when you are with me. Day by day our separation grows more intolerable; day by day the assault upon mind and spirit grows the more viciously insistent.

That no degree of pressure ever will cause us to repudiate our principles does not in any way lessen the heartbreak we suffer.

Sweetheart, I love you with a strength that defies my pain. Still, hold me close, my heart is so heavy with wanting you
—Always your own wife, *Ethel*

VI

APPEALS—HIGHEST COURT

HELLO, HONEY,

It is certainly a tedious job going through the small print of the record. My suggestion to you is to concentrate on Dave's and Ruth's testimony. This is the important part.

I received New Year's cards from a number of unknown friends. It really is good to be remembered by these strangers when we're locked away.

No matter how foul the deeds of those who are trying legally to murder us, you will rise above all this, because you are made of pure goodness. May this New Year see us back in our home with our boys. Yours always, *Julie*

DEAREST ETHEL,

How much happiness you can get on this third birthday of yours spent imprisoned contrary to all that is right and decent, I don't really know.

Nevertheless we will do honor to this special day of yours by rededicating ourselves to fight with all our strength for what is best for our children and family—and all families.

Happy birthday, my sweet wife, and I have high hopes of spending your next birthday with you and our children in our home. Take heart, we have come a long way.

I finally managed to complete reading the entire trial record. My candid opinion is that our rights were well protected by our counsel and we did not get a fair and impartial trial because of the conduct of the judge and the D. A. Particularly vicious is the Circuit Court of Appeals decision, going counter to legal precedents and constitutional guarantees of civil rights, and simply not answering the questions we raised.

Many more returns of the day in happier surroundings.
All my heart, *Julie*

SWEETHEART,

After you left me on Wednesday I descended earthward with a crash; what you had told me of your problems had a naturally depressing effect. Man's inhumanity to man always has made me sick at heart; the hurt, fortunately in this case, is of a temporary nature, and I bound back with renewed strength and determination. Especially when there is a dear husband to send me such moving birthday greetings!

Darling, my darling, how truly I love you. And how much I long to possess the remarkable qualities you attribute to me, and to be worthy of all that you are yourself!

Again, dearest, all my thanks for your beautiful card. And all my heart to you—Your loving wife, *Ethel*

HELLO DEAREST,

It was most refreshing to see you looking so well, and very pretty indeed. I mean it sincerely when I say that immediately when I see you I experience a buoyancy and joyfulness, I feel strong in our unity and confident of our victory.

Let us not be dismayed by the proximity of the Supreme Court decision; but instead, let us continue to do all we can to help ourselves. We must not allow ourselves to be stampeded into hopelessness. We've put up an excellent fight and we're not quitters.

As for myself, I'm on schedule with the trial record, making copious notes of details we should talk over with our counselor, at the rate of one book a day. I managed to get into the sixth book before I was sidetracked by the world series game. This promises to be a very interesting contest. I'm sure we're both rooting for the Dodgers.

Naturally I had hoped to begin to hear of some favorable comment, in the liberal press at least, on our position. However, we must be realists. The political climate has not cleared up and a great fear is paralyzing many former liberals and progressives into silence. I'm still optimistic but I'm prepared for any eventualities.

At the moment I'm very lonely and I miss you very much.
Oh, if I could only hold you in my arms! All my devotion,
Julie

MY DARLING HUSBAND,

I have been getting a great deal of satisfaction from writing a letter to the children in honor of my own birthday. What's more, I have a pleasant surprise for you—a new dress, which gave my morale an unexpected boost. I shall tear myself apart until you have the chance to see it, of that you may be sure, for it really looks lovely on me!

And last but not least, our visit, though incomplete as usual, was of such a quality as to renew my spirits remarkably. My sweet, you are so capable and so hard-working and so sweet, I simply adore you! Again, my deepest love and thanks—Yours ever,
Ethel

HELLO DEAR,

Thanks for the lovely letter. Certainly, I will be anxiously awaiting our get-together.

I gather from the newspapers that Oct. 13 will be the earliest date that the Supreme Court could decide our petition. I intend to condense the more-than-26 pages of notes I made on the record, to pinpoint certain items for discussion with you on Wednesday. The job of carefully scrutinizing the trial record is complete and I need at least a six-hour conference with you and Manny to deal with all these points.

Since I last saw you I've missed you dreadfully and I need your comforting words, the depth of your wisdom and warmth of your love. I feel such a great hunger, but in my mind and in my heart I know we will be one again. Devotedly,
Julie

DEAREST ETHEL,

I am positive that the latest letter from your boys warmed the cockles of your heart. Truly they are developing under

the loving care of swell people. The fact that they succeeded in getting Robby to kindergarten shows how quick they are to put our suggestions into effect. Perhaps you should write suggesting piano lessons for Michael.

I intend to wait until after the decision on the writ of certiorari, this coming Monday, before I answer their letter. If, on the other hand, you find that you can write them, please do the honors.

Perhaps I will see you before next Monday. If not, this letter will have to do. Station WFAS, at 12.45 p.m. Monday, carries the news which will probably have the Supreme Court decisions.

Remember, honey, no matter what the decision, it does not change our innocence nor our determination to fight with all our vigor in the same principled manner for complete vindication.

One thing is certain, the political climate in this country is one of fear, with a rising hysteria against all those who don't conform. Counterbalanced against this are the increasing activities of the Committee. Because of the way we have conducted ourselves, our conscience is clear and our self-respect preserved. Darling, we can justly be proud of ourselves.

I am sure the future will justify our faith in our country's democratic principles and its wonderful decent people. I wish I were able to surround you with my love in this period, but know that you are uppermost in my heart and mind. Devotedly,
Julie

SWEET VIBELLA,

You were the belle of our consultation and it was a good omen to see you in a new and very becoming dress. Your spirits seemed to be in tune with your appearance, and I am elated over the splendid confab and most gratified with the results of the Committee to date.

Since we know exactly all the alternative legal steps that are open to us, we can make our plans accordingly. Our own

participation in the consultation was very productive. As for you, I adore you and love you with all my being. Because of you and the visit I'm in excellent shape, and await with renewed confidence the Supreme Court ruling.

I spent most of yesterday making a resumé of my notes on the trial record. Darling, I believe we are entering a new lap in our fight, and no matter what the difficulties, we are coming closer to our final victory. All my love,

Julie

HELLO SWEETHEART,

Just a word of encouragement until I see you again. As for me, nothing is changed. My courage, demeanor and understanding is the same; but it seems to me that the Supreme Court has shown callous disregard for justice in our case.

Although I knew from hearing the news on the 12.45 radio broadcast, I didn't let on to Mama because I wanted her to be home and have people near her when she hears the bad tidings. We will have to spare her as much suffering as possible because she is all emotions and completely heartbroken. I tried as much as possible to ease her feelings, but it was too difficult a task for the kind of visit we have.

The action of the court in our case speaks more eloquently of the true nature of our government than all the propaganda that emanates from Washington. They are trying to make haste in putting us to death before the court of public opinion gives its answer, protesting this political frame-up. I believe this latest action by the highest court in our land will galvanize many people into positive action on our behalf. The fight is not over, because the people still have to be heard from.

Of course, I realize our path becomes more difficult where each succeeding avenue of legal action is denied us, but we are realists and we know other factors play a most important part in political cases such as ours.

I realize I should write our children a letter but somehow

at this moment I can't take myself to this usually pleasant task. Perhaps after I speak to you I'll be able to write them.

Honey, we'll have to pack a great deal into our visits from now on because things are going to be popping fast and furious. It would be a good idea if we reviewed our personal plans at our next get-together at our favorite screen.

I want to repeat to you again, my sweet, wonderful wife, that I face the future with "courage, confidence and perspective" because of what you and the children mean to me. It is our faith in the principles of democracy and the dignity of the human being that convinces me that we will succeed in the end. Devotedly, *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

Fortunately you had prepared us so well at our last consultation that we took this latest hammer-blow with admirable dignity and self-control. I think we have every right so to characterize our behavior, for while it is no easy matter to contemplate one's own imminent death, it is far more horrifying to watch the cauldron boiling and the plot thickening right out in broad daylight, while the people flee headlong down the path to their own destruction, and the liberals flounder about pathetically atop their synthetic fences!

On Monday, Oct. 13, the Supreme Court, with the praiseworthy exception of Justice Black, used its proud office to write "justice" off the statute books. By its refusal to review a case that involves two decent young parents and questions of law vital to the democratic well-being of the entire citizenry, they clearly sanctioned the scrapping of due process and the incidental scrapping of human life.

They also demonstrated all too effectively a creaking make-shift of a case and a hollow mockery of a trial, thereby revealing a lack of that independence of thought and action we had come to associate with such a venerable body as the United States Supreme Court! *Ethel*

VII

WAITING

DEAR MANNY,

I see by the papers that the holiday is in full swing, and since "justice" enjoins me from doing my "shopping early," late, or otherwise, it will have to be undertaken for me. I have fairly pounced upon each *Guardian*, in the hope of finding some guide to the perplexing problem of choosing books for the children. Of course, I want them to have *Be My Friend*, *Tony and the Wonderful Door*, and *The Races of Mankind*, among others, but these are but a small fraction of the titles listed elsewhere and I don't want anything overlooked that might conceivably further their all-round development. The same holds true of phonograph records.

You may be wondering why I have made no mention of toys, nor of clothes for that matter; let me assure you that I have been positively wallowing in advertisements of late, penciling here, clipping there, now accepting, now rejecting!

You see, I am determined to go on living and planning as though naught awaited me save a husband's fond kiss, a son's noisy welcome.

Ethel

DEAR MANNY,

Today my mind went back to when we lived in the midst of the great depression. I was a senior at Seward Park High School. The family was in a tough financial spot and although only fifteen years old I was fully aware of conditions around me—To earn a little money I used to peddle penny candy on Sundays. The profit went from a low 40 up to 80 cents for a good day.

One day I stopped to listen to a speaker at a street corner meeting on Delancey St. in the lower East Side. His topic was the campaign to win freedom for Tom Mooney, labor leader who was imprisoned on a frame-up. That night I was

reading a pamphlet I bought from the speaker giving the facts of the case and the next day I went and contributed 50 cents. Then I began to distribute the pamphlets and collect signatures on a Mooney petition from school friends and neighbors.

There is another incident still fresh in my mind. It happened during my first year at City College in . The Student Council was responsible for programs during freshman chapel, and it was compulsory for all freshmen to attend.

The president of the college, Frederick Robinson, took over the responsibility for the program on one occasion, and invited a delegation of foreign students from fascist Italy to be guests and help make good will for that regime among us students.

When the prexy got up to speak he was greeted by a chorus of boos. He was forced to sit down without being able to speak, though he managed to state that our "conduct was befitting guttersnipes." To re-establish order they allowed Eddie Alexander, president of the council, to take the rostrum. The hall was perfectly quiet when he began: "I was given permission to speak if I don't say anything derogatory against fascism, but I want to convey a message to our enslaved and tricked brothers under Italian fascism."

The truth cut too deep and the fascisti students dragged him away from the microphone and a free-for-all began. Three thousand voices thundered in the Great Hall: "Abbasso il fascismo!" ("Down with fascism"—Ed.)

At this point the prexy called in New York City's finest and the college student body was treated to a lesson in night-stick civics. Within a week almost the entire student body was wearing buttons that read: "I am a guttersnipe. I hate fascism." Subsequent events such as Il Duce's bringing "civilization" to Ethiopia *via* bombs, flames and death, proved we were correct. But 21 students were expelled.

At school I took a very active part in the campaign to free the Scottsboro boys. My extracurricular time was devoted to constant work for these good causes. Together

with thousands of other young people I studied, read, participated and learned.

I took a part-time job as a clerk in a drug store on Lenox Ave., near 125th St., in order to make ends meet. Daily I walked through the Negro neighborhood from school to work. I saw what discrimination meant. Overcrowding in slums, 25 to 50 per cent higher prices than charged in other neighborhoods for the same items, and higher rents. The store employees in the neighborhood were white. There were many incidents where the police were charged with brutality.

One night while I was working in the store there was an accident on Lenox Ave. A speeding bus ran over a middle-aged Negro man and he was brought into the store bleeding profusely. His leg was almost completely severed. It took the ambulance more than three-quarters of an hour to answer the emergency call while the man bled to death. I had to mop up this man's life blood and I'll never forget this crime that permits such a thing to happen to a human being.

What I'm getting at in reciting some of my experiences is that there are things you don't learn at school or from reading, but you must see—

This is part of my background and goes to make up the person that I really am—a progressive individual. Is this the reason that they have given us only three more weeks to live? They tell me in many devious ways, you can save your wife and yourself. Make a deal. Do what the Government wants.

Can I now deny all these truths I know? Can I deny the principles that are so much part of me? This I can never do. I cannot live a lie nor can I be like the Greenglasses and the Bentleys. My entire life and philosophy negates this and it is obvious that I could never commit the crime I stand convicted of. The plain fact is that we are completely innocent.

It is Christmas Eve now, and 16 years ago this week the most important thing in my life happened to me. I met my wife. You know my Ethel. I cannot sing her praises too highly. We can be so happy together. We want to be reunited with each other and our two sons. Our will to live

is strong and that is the reason we fight so hard.

We have faith that the people will see to it that this will not be our last Christmas Eve. As ever, *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

It is Christmas Day in the death house. As usual, I had a cup of coffee for breakfast. Then I stood in the centre of my cubicle of concrete and within arm's length to the left, to the right, behind me, under my feet and over my head, were the solid walls of concrete—except for the heavy steel that barred the entrance. Nature's air and light entered through the spaces between the bars.

I stood a moment longer and reflected. It is solidly built, efficient, but very cold. The only brightness is on the left wall on which pictures of Ethel and the boys are held up by strips of adhesive tape. A pile of Christmas cards on my desk give additional color. Even the July 4th, 1919 page of the *New York Times* carrying a copy of the Declaration of Independence, which I taped up, was brown with age and seemed to be molded into the wall, a weathered piece of paper. Yet in this tomb there was warmth; it was inside of me.

I thought of other Christmas days and immediately my mind focused on my adorable wife and precious children. How were they spending the time? What were they doing? And I began to think of my fellowmen and of the world. It is true that I miss being with them, but on the whole I don't feel so bad, because I see in the confidence they honor us with that what we believe to be right and good, is really so and that we have always lived truth.

Time is getting short but I am still optimistic that we will win our freedom. A lot can be done and must be done in the three weeks we have left to live. As ever, *Julie*

P. S. The holiday cards and messages of good cheer continue to pour in and I believe the authorities are allowing only a small portion of those sent to reach us. These expressions of support do us a great deal of good and we extend our warmest greetings to our well-wishers.

DEAR MANNY,

It was cold in the yard this morning. Winter was asserting itself. Gusts of icy wind blew across the yard, stinging my ears and carrying to my nose the pungent, fishy odor of the Hudson River. A soaring seagull was sailing upward in wide circles lifted by the strong wind and gracefully, without effort, covered the expanse of the wide open sky that my eyes could see. Suddenly, with a roar, man's invention, the jet plane, intruded, but the white puffs, bunched like an endless chain into clouds, hid it from my sight.

Then as I took another turn around the yard my eyes glanced at the white streaks of calcium that seemed to make odd shapes as they ran in broken lines from brick to brick along the wall of the death house. I began to think of the chemistry of the building materials. Through my mind flashed a picture of coal and iron ore dug from the bowels of the earth, trucks bringing it into the mills, iron and steel pouring from the furnaces, fabricated parts making their way to Sing Sing, skilled mechanics using all the science of modern industry to make a strong structure known as a death house. Just then, the exercise guard reminded me my fifteen-minute yard period was finished. I breathed once more deeply of the fresh, free air and then I went to my cell.

Day and night, pacing back and forth, lying on my bed and endless thoughts crowding through my mind—So little time left. So much to say and live in a couple of weeks. What should be put down first? To whom? How?

Please. Listen, look, see, hear, feel. Learn the truth and get at the facts. Each for his own defense must defend right and life.

Over and over again I began to write to my sons. I wrote a few lines and tore up the paper. Then I put it off again and sent Ethel a letter and again I couldn't make it. It is futile to tell a mother not to grieve for her children.

We, their parents, see the terrible hurt visited on our boys and know the mark that has been made on their lives.

And when I look through the screen at my wife in her cell and see the tears streaming down her face and her body straining with all its might to contain the sobs of pain, I try to quiet her, while inside of me I'm crying all over. It's the damnable injustice and horror of it all. We must do right by our children and for others like them. As ever,

Julie

P.S.—Is it possible to get our family pictures back from the FBI? These are the only photos that show our children from birth on and include many pictures of Ethel and myself. Of course, I leave it up to you to do what you can.

DARLING WIFE,

I've been thinking my dearest, how terribly inadequate I feel because I can't give you much comfort in this time of our great agony. It is futile to tell a mother not to grieve for her children. Well do we realize the terror and emotional hardships our two boys are going through. All the reason and the right in the world cannot change that. But yet you and I must together steel ourselves, although our hearts are breaking and our tortured minds cry out for relief. We must do what's right for them, and for other children like them.

I know how you feel, dearest. I miss you terribly. It is just impossible to conceive that this grotesque web of horror has been spun around us. Ethel, my love for you is so overwhelming that it gives me great strength to withstand the mounting pressure. One thing I am sure of—that your devotion to truth and right will conquer the terror being visited on us.

Let me send you all my love and everything I cherish and hold fine and dear. You have shown me how wonderful it is to be a really good human being. *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

In everything I've written and all that I've said I try to explain to my sons the meaning of our situation. One thing

I feel sure of—that when they are older, they will know that all the way through, we, their parents, were right, and they will be proud.

We are still optimistic, but we are alarmed that the madmen in their haste to conceal this rotten frame-up will snuff out our lives.

I just happened to think: no matter what the outcome of this case is, will Judge Kaufman ever be able to explain his action to his own children, who someday will read the facts?

The type of evidence used to convict us, if considered dispassionately, would not be sufficient to convict a pick-pocket. Legally, judicially, morally and in simple truth we are completely innocent. If I only had the means to talk to every man and woman personally I am sure I could alert them to the danger and prove our contentions. There must be no let-up in activity. Justice demands that we live to have our day in court to win complete vindication. The human conscience and our national honor demand this.

My deepest affection and love to all our friends and supporters. As ever,

Julie

HELLO DEAREST,

Happy New Year to you, Ethel darling. May this year see events take place that are more to our benefit than what happened in the old year. The Circuit Court of Appeals ushered out the year with another piece of hair-splitting. However, from the fragments of the opinion which I read in the newspapers, they do recognize the prejudice caused us by the publicity, as handled.

Both courts are of the opinion that despite the prejudicial atmosphere, the defendants' "failure" to take timely procedural steps now forecloses the courts from giving us relief, as prayed for. To all this I say, *bunk!*

I believe that true justice is concerned with substance, not forms or modes of procedure. If, to begin with, it was an unfair situation, how could it later become "cured" by the passage of time?

I am more determined than ever to fight with my last breath to expose this terrible miscarriage of justice. I am confident and hopeful that our lives will be saved.

Honey, I missed you terribly New Year's Eve, and all day today. My beloved, I send you my heart and my very soul. Always your own, *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

Today our precious boys came and our own family lived once again for two hours. I could see the trust in little Robbie's eyes, and the warm and tender feelings of love that passed between us in all that he said and in our play together. We looked through the barred window at the seagulls and the tugboat pulling a string of barges on the Hudson. The pictures he drew and the drawings I made for him were interrupted while he kissed my cheeks and circled my neck with his little arms. My son was happy with his daddy. Our baby got our true feelings.

Michael was troubled and disturbed and the burdens on him were obvious to us, his parents. My wife did so well by him. She explained patiently, carefully, firmly, but all the time with a complete acceptance of him and showed such wonderful understanding. I promised to play Michael chess. I hope to someday.

Then they had to go and as I helped Michael with his coat he suddenly clutched me with his hands and stammered as he lowered his head, "You must come home. Every day there is a lump in my stomach, even when I go to bed." I kissed him in a hurry for I was unable to say anything but "everything will be all right."

When I was in the solitude of my cell⁶ once more and the door clanged shut behind me, I broke down and cried like a baby because of the children's deep hurt. With my back to the bars, I stood facing the concrete walls that boxed me in on all sides, and I let the pains that tore at my insides flood out in tears. *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

Before God and man I must blazon forth these truths:

1. We are completely innocent. Nothing can change this.
2. A monstrous frame-up for political purposes has taken place in the Rosenberg case.

The judge and the district attorney from the very beginning injected the false issue of communism and political beliefs to obscure the issue and inflame the passions of the jury against us.

The judge strained every effort to bend the jury to a verdict of guilty with his constant interjections against our interests at every stage that was to our advantage. He allowed our rights to be violated and prevented our lawyer from adequately defending us and did not allow the jury to judge the crime, as charged in the indictment, on a fair and impartial basis.

As for us, we are confident of the righteousness of our cause and we will not allow ourselves to be used as tools against the fight for peace, freedom, and decency.

Don't be too hasty, gentlemen, in pulling the switch. Remember, it is a two-way affair. The world is watching our government's action in this case and the conscience of men of goodwill is outraged by the brutal sentence and the miscarriage of justice in the Rosenberg case.

Time is short. There are but ten more days left to live. I will do my best to crowd in as much work as possible. As ever,

Julie

DEAR MANNY,

It strikes me that Judge Irving R. Kaufman's immortality is at last assured; future generations will cite his decision denying us clemency as the epitome of artful double-talk and intellectual dishonesty.

Full of the most extraordinary inaccuracies and omissions and the kind of specious reasoning that lends credibility to distortion, it strains so hard to be profound—and fails to be anything but puerile.

Enamored of quotations as the good judge seems, however, I would hazard the guess that a study of the following excerpts from Shaw's *Saint Joan* would not have inclined him to use them against the Rosenberg's! As you will recall, John de Stogumber, the English chaplain, who had been one of the most blood-thirsty advocates of Joan's proposed burning, comes rushing in from this spectacle, overcome with remorse and sobbing like one demented:

"You don't know; you haven't seen; it is so easy to talk when you don't know. You madden yourself with words: you damn yourself because it feels grand to throw oil on the flaming hell of your own temper. But when it is brought home to you; when you see the thing you have done; when it's blinding your eyes, stifling your nostrils, tearing your heart then—then, Oh, God, take away this sight from me! Oh, Christ! deliver me from this fire that is consuming me—She cried to Thee in the midst of it: Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! She is in Thy bosom and I am in hell for evermore!"

And there shall you be, Judge Kaufman, for a crime "worse than murder!" *Ethel*

DEAR MANNY,

The stupendous propaganda campaign against us is reaching unprecedented heights. Why, the sheer weight of newsprint staggers the imagination, but it sets one thinking. They are doing a selling job. The authorities are adamant on going through with this madness—or is it because they are having a difficult time convincing the public?

Obviously, the situation is fraught with grave danger. Not only are our two lives in jeopardy, but the safety and security of our fellow countrymen is endangered. If there is no reason or sanity left in Washington then in desperation they may allow the executioner to pull the switch and murder us.

I'll have to stop now. They are collecting my pen for the night. Tell all our friends to keep up the good work They're doing fine. We can win this fight. As ever, *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

It is now obvious that Kaufman's opinion, which could be entitled, "Alleged Communists or pro-Communists Are Better off Dead," was deliberately conceived for use as a text for political propaganda: (1) by the State Dept. in an attempt to offset mounting foreign indignation against this monstrous frame-up and brutal sentence that shocks the conscience of mankind; (2) at the instigation of the Justice Dept. at home, for a high pressure press and radio campaign to oppose and stop the growing protest movement, and above all to prevent the entire people from catching on to the fact that there is a gross miscarriage of justice in the Rosenberg case.

How terribly afraid of the truth they are! We two little people, even when facing death, are strong in our innocence and confident of the justness of our cause. Even eloquent syllogisms, beautifully pyramided, when based on the big lie are completely demolished by right and facts.

We have faith that the people will not let American justice be indelibly stained with the blood of the Rosenbergs. As ever,

Julie

DEAR MANNY,

Much water has flowed under the bridge since I last wrote. The Rosenbergs' calm prediction that the people would refuse to acquiesce in legal murder has been borne out a thousand times over.

Here and there a date stands out. My personal calendar records that on Wednesday, Dec. 17, , certain duly accredited gentlemen, escorted by the Warden, paid me a visit in order to inquire concerning my health and to determine what my needs might be, short of staying the hand of the executioner (sic!) posed to pull the switch during the week of January 12. And on Sunday Dec. 21, I sat quietly in my cell, "listening" to the songs that close to 1,000 people were singing in a heavy rain at Ossining

Station¹ (although I couldn't actually hear them) and feeling a calm and a safety and a spiritual bond that no deprivation, no loneliness, no danger, could shatter!

January 14 came and went, as did those hectic days just prior to it when officials of one kind or another were giving us the familiar run-around and the scribes were nobly assisting with a campaign of slander.

There are, however, memories not listed in any calendar, memories of emotions that flashed by meteor-like, in bewildering succession, and that now in retrospect are so many burned-out stars, identically pale and colorless and forgotten. Again, casting a glance backward over the shoulder of the swiftly-speeding present, I remember vividly that each day then seemed to me to be stretching out long and endless and golden with promise. I wrote my husband, "The battle rages, but I am serene." And to my childrn I sent a charming light-hearted little poem clipped from the *Sunday Times* by way of a Chanukah Greeting.

All, all past, and decision close at hand; for us, sitting here and fighting for breath in an ever-narrowing circle of tightening time, it looms large and unknown, color-blurred and shapeless upon the gigantic canvas of a furious age. And yes, essentially, it is a simple decision, predicated upon a few simple propositions.

First, whatever the merits of the case, millions of people throughout the world today, numbering among them some of the most outstanding figures of our times, view the refusal of the courts to grant the Rosenbergs relief as an affirmation of our insistence after nearly two years in the death house—that we are political victims of the cold war. Accordingly, these millions have registered the most vigorous kind of opposition to the execution of the sentence.

Second, the enormity of this protest—indeed, its very

¹ The nearly 1000 people who went to Ossining, N. Y., where Sing Sing prison is located, came bringing season's greetings to the Rosenbergs from thousands more Americans who wanted to see them live. The police did not allow the delegation to approach the prison walls. Instead, they remained near the railroad station where they sang moving songs of solidarity with the Rosenbergs.

existence—so clearly expresses the political nature of the case, that it has forced a desperate attempt in certain quarters either to minimize it by exaggerating the importance of our detractors, or to write the whole thing off as a “Communist plot!”

Third, while the entire world storms, thunders, exhorts, and pleads, we are witnessing the astounding spectacle of the most powerful nation on earth, bound helpless, powerless to reverse itself because it is always so much easier to commit new errors than to right old ones!

Fourth, boiling this down to simpler—even ludicrous—terms I ask in all seriousness: “Is it worth forfeiting two warm, young lives, about whose guilt the world says there is reasonable doubt, to save the face of the United States?”

It is a simple decision. For to “lose face” by granting clemency to the Rosenbergs is to demonstrate in the most palpable manner possible that Justice is something more than a ruthless treadmill, which once set upon a certain course must, like some horrible Frankenstein monster, grow stronger than the controlling hand upon its throttle and run blindly amuck!

We wait in the dimness of gathering gloom. We wait and we hope and we do not lose faith that the sun still shines in this land of our birth—this “sweet land of Liberty”—this America!

Ethel

DEAR MANNY,

This is to let you know that my mother was here on Monday. The following transpired, which will interest you. I am still in a state of stupefaction over its bold-faced immorality.

I pointed out to her that whatever unfounded fear of reprisal Davy might be harboring, it was my life that was in peril, not his—and further, if I, while awaiting electrocution was not afraid to continue to assert my innocence and give the lie to his story, why couldn't he, in a far more advantageous position, be man enough to own up at long

last to this lie and help to save my life, instead of letting it be forfeited to save his face!

Our conversation follows, and I quote almost verbatim:

Said she: "So what would have been so terrible if you had backed up his story?" I guess my mouth kind of fell open. "What," I replied, "and take the blame for a crime I never committed, and allow my name, and my husband's and children's to be slandered to protect him? What, and go along with a story that I knew to be untrue, where it involved my husband and me? Wait a minute, maybe I'm not getting you straight. Just what are you driving at?"

Believe it or not, she answered, "Yes, you get me straight; I mean even if it was a lie, you should have said it was true anyway! You think that way you would have been sent here? No, if you had agreed that what Davy said was so, even if it wasn't, you wouldn't have got this!"

I protested, shocked as I could be, "But, Ma, would you have had me willingly commit perjury?"

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently and maintained doggedly, "You wouldn't be here!"

Is it possible for you to make arrangements to bring the children up here Saturday morning, the 31st? Julie and I are both agreed we must see them, even if clemency is denied us, so bend every effort you can. Only don't tell them until a day or so in advance—Mike will get all tensed up otherwise. Love,

Ethel

DEAR MANNY,

This very morning I saw Julie; just as I figured he'd rather you came as soon as possible and make more definite plans for the kids when you arrive. Tuesday is particularly good, since I see Julie until 10.00 a.m. and am already dressed and ready for another visit (even if I don't know in advance that you're due), but Wednesday or Friday will do as well, if it must.

Your letter came just in time to pick me up out of the dismal dreariness that is an inescapable by-product of soli-

tary confinement. Not that you are mistaken about my good spirits; it so happens that I actually am maintaining a fairly constant degree of confidence and strength. That, however, presents no serious obstacle to the poor, foolish palpitant heart that will not listen to reason and that hungers and thirsts for the true gratification of creative human exchange; nor does it alter the grim fact of an endless gray monotony of existence.

May I thank you for all the affection and understanding and generosity. It touched me down deep inside and brought the tears in a spontaneous rush of sheer, sweet happiness. After a childhood of warping bitter cold, you see, such warm praise causes a rather intense emotional reaction and moves me to the most profound feelings of humility and gratitude.

I am the more exercised, therefore, about attacks upon your integrity and good faith—until we see you and can properly discuss this matter, suffice it to say that my husband and I shall die innocent before we lower ourselves to live guilty! And nobody, not even you, whom we continue to love as our own true brother, can dictate terms to the Rosenbergs, who follow only the dictates of heart and soul, truth and conscience, and the God-blessed love we bear our fellows!

Ethel

MY LOVELY NIGHTINGALE,

Oh, joy of joy! I caught a couple of bars of your rendition of Gounod's *Ave Maria* and the *Alleluiah*. Imagine, if only your door were open, what a lovely concert we would have. I reminisced a bit of the many times you would sing my favorite arias and folk tunes—

My sister stayed on until 3.30 p.m. because she was given a lift to New York by another visitor and we had a very fruitful visit. I'll fill in some of the news items she didn't have time to tell you about at our next get-together. I'm very much relieved that Lena is coming along nicely.

Believe me, sweetheart, I have to fight not to think about our precious children too often, for the longing breaks me up

and hurts so badly. Oh, darling, how wonderful it would be to be together once again with our family. I just thought about the good times we used to have. You carrying Robby on your back and Michael on my back, and the big race was on. Do you remember the procession when it came time for the little one to be put to bed? You led the way holding his feet, I held his shoulders and Michael marched in the middle with his brother's back resting on his head. It was loads of fun—Such poor innocent babes suffering cruelly without any cause. This, none of us will ever forget. Let us keep hoping we will someday win this case and help restore the boys' happiness.

I've got a secret to tell you, my wife, that I'm very deeply in love with you. Your devoted, *Julie*

DARLING ETHEL,

The weekend seemed very long, since we didn't receive the usual family visit. From the time I left your presence this last Friday, I've been thinking about you.

I understand the deep hurt you suffer, especially the terrible frustrations magnified manifold because we sit awaiting our doom. If the flowing tears and irrepressible sobs you uttered because you could not contain yourself any more represent the surface expression of your pain, then know that the reason for my speechlessness at that time was due to my agony reflecting your own. It is impossible to soothe you or protect you from the torture that is ever-present here, but we've been able to stay strong in spite of it, and our unity has been made unbreakable because of it.

The greatest writers of all times have described love and explained the beauty and virtue of the complete acceptance of each other by husband and wife, but none of it can come near the painful and extreme satisfaction of what our relationship holds, even on the very threshold of death.

I believe that because we have turned the great personal force of our love into working for the best interests of our children and humanity, we have given expression to the

greatest single aspiration of mankind. All my heart is for you, dearest. Your devoted husband, *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

In recent weeks an ugly development has been gaining ground. It is being casually bruited about that I am to be spared by commutation of the death sentence out of a humanitarian consideration for me as woman and mother, while my husband is to be electrocuted. Further, it is hopefully confided, in such an event my "spy secrets" would not die with me, and the possibility would still exist for my eventual recantation. Lastly, the responsibility for the decision concerning my husband's life would be shifted squarely onto my shoulders and his blood would be on my hands if I wilfully refused to make him "come across!"

So now my life is to be bargained off against my husband's! I need only grasp the line chivalrously held out to me and leave him to drown without a backward glance! How diabolical! A cold fury possesses me and I could retch with horror and revulsion, for these saviours are actually proposing to erect a sepulchre in which I shall live without living, and die without dying. By day there will be no hope, and by night, there will be no peace. Over and over again I shall see the beloved face and fancy I hear the beloved voice. Over and over again, I shall sob out the last heart-broken, wracking goodbyes and reel under the impact of irrevocable murder!

And what of our children! What manner of mercy is it that would slay their adored father and deliver up their devoted mother to everlasting emptiness? I should far rather embrace my husband in death than live on ingloriously upon such bounty.

I shall not dishonor my marital vows and the felicity and integrity of the relationship we shared to play the role of harlot to political procurers. My husband is innocent, as I am myself, and no power on earth shall divide us in life or in death.

Ethel

VIII

CLEMENCY DENIED

DEAR MANNY,

President Eisenhower reveals some more of his great “crusade” and reminds me of the famous Biblical story—only there is a significant shift in the roles. “The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau.” What a mockery; benevolent words hypocritically cloaking a barbaric act. This harsh and cruel decision was sired in madness.

By his action today, the executive arm of our government has become a party to murder. For the whole truth is that we are innocent.

It is imperative that the true facts be known to all. Sadly, the information in the press and other mass media is not the truth, but instead is a distorted, truncated, myopic aberration of our case. Only the complete transcript of the trial record and the court proceedings on our motion for a new trial, on the grounds that our conviction was illegally procured, can serve as the basis for a fair and impartial determination of the truth and justice in this case.

It is clear that the primary use being made of our case is to coerce political dissidents, and to secure conformity. Such a situation will only lead to a police state at home and war abroad.

We hope that our adherence to principle will at least help insure that many others after us are not visited with the kind of terror we’ve been facing.

We ask only the continuance of the struggle for justice. Learn the facts and defend the truth.

We continue to fight with courage and confidence for life and love. As ever,

Julie

DEAR MANNY,

We had been correctly, I am sure, informed that sometime by the end of this week, Mr. Lyons, the Pardon Attorney, would send the only complete records of the case to the Attorney General. The newspapers all reported that at 4.30 p.m., "Mr. Herbert Brownell, Jr. brought the records of the case to the White House." At 5.07 p.m. a prepared statement is given out. This proves to the world that President Eisenhower never read the record nor did he see our clemency petition. However, the solicitous press hastens to add that he had been considering independently and "had reasoned that the crime was enormous with frightful implications in the atomic age and had concluded that he could not justifiably set aside the verdict."

No need for any pretense—the farce is exposed. Again it completely bears out our contention that the decision is based on a one-sided prejudicial evaluation obviously obtained from a source other than the record and is not founded on the facts in the case nor on its merits.

Aside from the time-worn platitudes, a reading of the text of the President's statement will show it contains serious inaccuracies:

1. The President could not have given "earnest consideration to the records in the case" for the Attorney General brought him the records at 4.30 p.m. and one-half hour later a prepared statement was issued.
2. The courts did not provide every opportunity for the submission of evidence. On our motion for a hearing to present evidence that our conviction was illegal. Judge Ryan denied us the opportunity to subpoena documents and witnesses in order to submit proof of our contention.
3. The jury was inflamed and prejudiced by a hostile atmosphere in the press, by the reprehensible conduct of the prosecution and by the passion-rousing, extraneous issue of alleged communism.
4. The Supreme Court did not uphold the conviction

nor did it judicially review the case. It was so stated in Associate Justice Frankfurter's opinion.

Millions throughout the world, including scientists, prominent lawyers, distinguished representatives of the clergy, men of letters and arts, honored leaders of all shades of political opinion, who are best qualified to judge the issues, have expressed grave suspicions that in fact the verdict is corrupt.

The love we bear our two sons and each other demands that we hold fast to these truths, even to the death which may destroy our little family.

We are not the first victims of tyranny. Six million of our co-religionists and millions of other innocent victims of fascism went to the death chambers. The war criminals who had a part in committing these crimes are daily being freed by representatives of our government. Here, now, on behalf of the sovereign people of the United States, the Administration wants to stain the good name of our country with the blood of the Rosenbergs. We are confident that the people will raise a mighty cry against this new great danger which threatens to engulf millions by dooming two innocent Americans first.

Now it's exposed for all to see. The Justice Department withheld the Pope's appeal for clemency from the President and the public. It has withheld the true facts in the record and the real sentiments of millions of people from the President and the public. From its very inception this pattern has been followed by the Justice Department in its plot against us. They hurriedly got the President to sign a statement to whitewash completely this monstrous miscarriage of justice against two innocent Americans. As ever,

Julie

MY DARLING,

Of course, Eisenhower could not have read the record or seen our petition. To cover up this apparent discrepancy, they say that on his own he's been brushing up on the

case. Such hypocrisy! He doesn't even make sure that he's accurate in his haste to use shop-worn platitudes—even stating the obvious fallacy that the Supreme Court reviewed our case. He may be successful in that we will be put to death, but he has shocked the conscience of the world.

I worked today, Ethel, but not for any length of time. It is hard to find the proper formulation to express the way I feel. You can be certain that all my thoughts are of you. I never dreamed I could love anyone as much as I do you.

Like you, my beloved, I find it most difficult to think about what this new development will do to our precious sons. The heartache is just too much, for it is impossible to do anything to shield them from the horrible consequences of our execution nor can we assuage the deep hurt that they will have to bear. I will have to find the strength to suffer through the torment and begin to write them a long letter. This we must do. and we'll talk about whether it would be best to send it to Manny to hold until such time as he feels it is appropriate to read to our children. At this time we'll have to make serious preparation so that everything necessary is done and is not left to the very last minute. I think we'll have to take this up with our lawyer at our next consultation.

Know, my darling, I am happy that you have made my life so meaningful. Always devoted to you, your,

Julie

DEAR MANNY,

Just a few thoughts on what I can gather from the newspaper and radio reports of the rapid developments in our case. For only a short moment the shock let the truth through to the public. Then quickly the lie curtain dropped again.

This Sunday's *Times* is the best example. You will note that in the use of a deceptive caption they have tried to nullify in the minds of readers the "true meaning of the

Pope's message." With a journalistic juggling of news items; a deceptive head-line; a "story" by McGranery, and a back-slanted quote from Hagerty (James Hagerty, President Eisenhower's press secretary—Ed), they have attempted to mislead the mind through the eye.

Most readers are not "analysts," and the eye controls their minds, as the "shell game" proves—now you see it, now you don't. They say that a message from the Pope does not represent his sentiments. What deliberate distortion!

It seems to me that this incident strikes at the heart of civilization, for it destroys truth. Yet since truth is a matter of time, they are desperate to bury us quickly before the entire lid is blown off this stinking plot. Let them panic in fright; we must be firm and resolute in our determination to expose the truth.

Go to it, beloved friend, every fibre of our being is behind you. As ever,
Julie

DEAREST ETHEL,

With the turmoil and excitement of the children's visit and the rushing developments in our case, I didn't have time to tell you that you looked lovely and that I love you very much. Considering the circumstances, we managed beautifully and accomplished a great deal.

It was wonderful, despite the anxious atmosphere, to be together again as one happy family and this is worth any sacrifice. The boys are making progress. Michael is doing much better, but I am convinced our little baby needs a great deal of help. Also they are both physically run-down, and I get the feeling that there is too much of a burden on their minds. Can people really understand that our whole hearts go into what we are saying and doing?—To those who see the truth, it is good and right; to those who hate the truth, it is "defiant and arrogant."

It's a very rough fight, but I still feel confident. I'll just never give up to lies and indecency. As long as we do the right thing by our children and the good people of the

world, nothing else matters. We will have to call on the great strength of the solid union of our hearts and souls to find the stamina to face what is in store for us.

My love for you is undying. The mere thought of you is solace for my aching heart. Your, *Julie*

HELLO SWEETHEART,

Kind of miss you. Since we've got a little more time I think now we should go ahead with your plans for the children, but at once. You understand the decision was expected momentarily and everyone was concentrating on the most pressing immediate objective, the question of life or death. But as you say, we must go on planning, and living and I'll help you in urging that this matter be given prompt and serious attention.

The problem of the children and their future must receive closer scrutiny and result in concrete plans concerning health, schooling, environment, etc. I am sure if we have some positive plans in motion, we'll feel a lot more secure and relieved of a great amount of anxiety. Especially when decision time comes around.

Our visits take on a great deal of importance from now on. We realize that in the immediate future a normal life for our children will continue to be a problem and also we are beset with the big question of our legal fight and our personal needs.

Since other co-defendants are always next to each other and can discuss their cases regularly, they can help themselves. Because you are my wife and a woman, we can only see each other for two hours per week. Every other person here is entitled to two regular visits a week from 10-12 and 1.30 to 3.30. Yes, I understand the technical difficulties involved, but the need is so great, in all seriousness they ought to put me into the women's wing altogether!

You know, honey, the fact we are here still seems unreal to me after all these months. Somewhere in the long ago I

had a normal life with a sweet wife and two fine children and now all is gone and we're facing death. Yet the yearning for a wife's sweet kiss and a son's warm hug hold the promise of a return to the beautiful life, I know, and then we will be so much happier when we're reunited. It is this human force and the support of good people everywhere that makes me fight so hard for this kind of victory. Your husband,

Julie

DEAR MANNY,

On this, the birthday of the Father of our great country, the idea of truth is stressed because it is the cardinal point of all stories about this first President of the United States.

I think it is fitting to take up a distasteful matter concerning an item that appeared in Leonard Lyons' column in the *New York Post*, February 20, .¹ This vicious lying must be stopped. There are a number of previous incidents I brought to your attention. Here again we have this complete fabrication with intent to poison the public against us and help the murder plot against our lives.

In the first place, the U.S. Marshal, William Carroll, did not come to Sing Sing, or if he did come, he did not see us. We never made any such statements to the U. S. Marshal nor to anyone else concerning any Rabbi. Perhaps it is not amiss to note that Lyons is fast friends with Jacob Kaufman, the U.S. prosecutor, and members of the FBI. Even if you are too busy with other matters perhaps you can delegate this item to one of your associates.

I was glad to read this Sunday's *Times* and find that the news of how the people of Europe feel about our case is beginning to get through to the public. Please have your secretary send us printed material that the Committee publishes.

¹ 'Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the doomed Atom-Bomb spies, told U.S. Marshal William Carroll—when he went to the death house for the final arrangements—that they wanted no rabbi present, because rabbis are tools of the capitalistic state . . .'—Leonard Lyons, in the *N. Y. Post*.

We're counting on you, dear friend, and know you'll do a job we'll be most proud of. As ever, *Julie*

P.S.—Walter Winchell continued in the same slanderous vein as Lyons. The N. Y. Board of Rabbis may well want to comment on this case. There is not one iota of truth to any of these remarks.

DEAR MANNY,

At first I thought the Lyons item was an isolated case. Now I'm sure that it is the latest twist in the campaign against us. However, it still retains the singular feature of fraud that has characterized the entire legal and public case against us.

First Lyons, then Winchell in his Sunday night broadcast and in his Monday newspaper column, reported this new lie. It is obvious to me that this is another desperate move sponsored by our enemies to stem the tide that is exposing this miscarriage of justice and demanding that we be saved. Naturally, it fits in nicely with the present hate-monger campaign to link up Communists and anti-Semitism and now, too, they add the Rosenbergs.

We are hurting them, Manny, that is the reason for these insane acts. It is a product of mental anguish. I await news of positive accomplishments.

We got a very lovely letter from our children and I was especially moved to learn that one town in Italy with almost total unemployment sent the boys a package of delicacies and a little music box. The thought behind this gift shows you the real heart of mankind, and the many encouraging letters and heart-warming statements from all over the world exemplify the true brotherhood of man. We have what it takes to win this fight. The final answer is always with the people. As ever, *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

I'd like Robby carefully looked over with a view to a possible tonsillectomy in the near future. Personally, I'd

like to avoid what might be a punishing experience, in view of all the punishment that has already been meted out, but when a report card notes so many days out from kindergarten, his physical condition has to be more carefully investigated. If he is strong enough emotionally to undergo such medical treatment as might be required, and should the family there agree it is in order (only where both factors are present, you understand, will we give our consent), necessary arrangements should then be made. We were distressed to note the difficulty under which the child labors when he attempts to say more than a few words at a time, and while I have no doubt he is inarticulate for other reasons, certainly a horribly stuffed-up nose and throat don't exactly help matters. Nevertheless, we want to be very sure that the cure is in order before we say okay.

Miss everyone I love dreadfully. The loneliness is impossible.

Ethel

DEAR MANNY,

A cardinal principle in our philosophy of life is the firm belief in equality and in freedom of religion. That is why we've been so terribly incensed over the monstrous lies that Lyons and Winchell have circulated.

At Sing Sing, Ethel and I have attended all services conducted by the Jewish Chaplain and I've had talks with the Rabbi every time he comes to the condemned cell block. We discussed this matter. He, too, is horrified by the viciousness of such irresponsible newspapermen. In the time I've been here the Rev. Thomas J. Donovan, the Catholic Chaplain, has come to know me well and he has been shocked by these news reports and told me that never was there any indication of such an attitude on my part. Both of these religious leaders and the authorities here will be able to attest to the fact that my relations with all men here have been honorable, and particularly that I demonstrated in what I said and did that I am not anti-religious or bigoted in any way against anyone for their race, color, or creed.

Dear friend, because I stand condemned to death although I am innocent, I am being crucified this way.

In a February 25th article in the *New York Times*, it was reported that Mr. Lane (Myles J. Lane, Asst. U.S. prosecuting attorney in the trial—Ed.) spoke at a luncheon of the Lions Club of New York at the Belmont Plaza Hotel and devoted most of his talk to the prosecution of the Rosenberg “spy” case.

The final sentence of his speech is revealing: “If the Reds are out to get our lives, let’s get theirs first.” And also he said that he hoped Americans would not become complacent about the threat of Communist infiltration and that this case would prevent it. So that is the reason he helped frame two innocent people—to use the case as a political weapon against dissenters, who are alleged by his ilk to be Communists!

By the way, I just put in a three-months subscription for the *Times*.

I hope you take good care of yourself. I sincerely believe that the best thing that has happened to us since this case is that we met you and became fast friends. As ever,

Julie

IX

APPEALS RENEWED

DEAREST ETHEL,

There are times when I'm going great guns, working hard, enthusiastic that we're fighting against tyranny and feeling good. A visit with you, Manny, the kids or the family or a letter and some good news primes my spirit and keeps my morale high. However, it is not enough, because I can't go home to you and the children. Then, there is emptiness, heartache and great suffering.

Books are wonderful things. I get so completely absorbed in them. They take me out of this place and are very gratifying, emotionally uplifting, and are good food for the intellect. At present I'm reading a book by Forbes—a history of technology and invention and its effect on civilization. It's a very edifying work and makes interesting reading. Then when I put the book down the narrowing walls and steel bars hem me in so closely. They point out the sharp contrast of the rapid advances technically but still there is an archaic, barbaric, spiritual and moral content of life all around us. He who cannot see, feel or understand the meaning behind words, forms and society cannot begin to get anything out of life, for the real beauty of the good life is participating in the forward movement of humanity.

The heritage of our Hebrew culture has served our people throughout the ages and we have learned its lessons well. It is part of us, in our blood, and we strive for a free, richer and better life. What we are, and all that we have, no one can take away from us even though they keep us apart and threaten us with death. It seems to me that perhaps it would be easier on us if we did not feel so deeply and were not so well aware of our case and its implications. Nevertheless, I am positive we would not want it any other way. We have in the past, and we will in the future, continue to contri-

bute to progress in spite of the difficulties we face. That is the reason our enemies use the lowest type of tactics against us—because they can't beat us down. All the love of my heart—your devoted husband, *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

March 10th is Michael's birthday. He'll be ten years old and it's always been our practice to celebrate these occasions with gifts for both boys and all that goes with making this a happy day for them. Particularly at this time we feel a special effort should be made to reassure our children with love, understanding and new hope for their welfare and future. Remind my family, in case they've forgotten, about the nature of this day, for I know they'll want to do something for Mike and Robby. If it is possible, give them something extra on our behalf. Ethel suggests an enlarged photo of us might be a suitable present.

I want to express my appreciation for the moving fraternal message from Paul Villard, a true son of the liberty-loving French people. It is a source of inspiration and courage to receive the comradeship and heartfelt feelings of millions of people of France. As long as the conscience of the world is reflected by sincerity and brotherhood in this way, then peace and freedom on earth are assured and the Rosenbergs will be saved!

The world is on the threshold of many important decisions and incidentally, two insignificant lives are linked up with these great events. The important thing is that we fight on the side of the people, for the little and big things that make for a better, fuller, peaceful life. As ever,

Julie

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOTHER, MY ADORABLE ETHEL,

March 10th will be ten years that you gave birth to our firstborn. I am proud of our family, Ethel dear, and in spite of all difficulties our children are growing up properly.

Again, my darling, I want you to know that I love you with every fibre of my being. I am not happy about our dire predicament but I am pleased with the principled way we have conducted ourselves and with the steadfast fight we've waged to prove our innocence. My feeling for you is profound and overwhelming and our separation is my sacrifice. I'll just think about our relationship, our love, our life together and our single heartedness of purpose, the great promise of the future, and I can remain strong and confident.

On this occasion it's good to note that our boys are progressing nicely and that our friends are doing all they can to help them develop normally. Also that the people who we believe in are supporting us and are even taking us into their hearts. This signifies the efficacy of our principles and proves the real meaning of brotherhood among men. Life practiced in this manner is really worthwhile. After all, what is important is that we continue to strive for decency, for human dignity, for understanding, for democracy and peace. Even in this horrible place we can contribute our share for progress. Regardless of the difficulties and the situation, truth and morality will be effective in helping us and will work for the common good.

The critical times we're in require that we maintain our faith in ourselves and the people and think clearly about the whole picture and then we will see our way clearly. You will note how the enemy is linking our case with every major political problem he faces and we must expose this to public attention. If I were to try to keep up with every new twist in the campaign against us I'd have to write reams of letters daily. I have discussed each of the developments with you and whenever I don't get to write Manny, I make notes for our next consultation.

I sent our children a birthday letter and I hope they like it. It is hard to write them since I feel so strongly. However, I stopped a few moments to think about us in our own home. The kids are on the floor playing with their toys and

we're sitting on the couch enjoying the warmth of our family circle and snatching a couple of kisses every now and then. Honey, we'll make it. Right is on our side and our will is very strong and besides this is the only course that will bring justice and happiness.

You know, my wife, I'm just crazy about you and the boys. I can't wait to see you again. Every waking moment is occupied with thoughts of you and the children. Good night, sweet woman—As ever always devoted to you,

Julie

DEAREST ETHEL,

From both Michael's and my sister's letters I hear a note of greater confidence and it is indeed remarkable how people working for a good cause, which is based on their convictions, can be fired with spirit, enthusiasm and courage. Actually, the most fruitful results are obtained from actions motivated by a thorough understanding of the situation and a knowledge of the purpose of what one wishes to accomplish. First, I must say we are honored by the solicitude shown our children and my family by the good people the world over. Most important is that great numbers of people are aware that peace and freedom are the primary goals and they are alert to all issues, such as our case, that are an integral part of the major problem facing the world. We cannot ask any more than that we continue to work for this just cause as we fight to save ourselves.

Although I've refrained from writing much these last weeks while I've been digesting all I read, I can't help but comment on what I believe to be a developing dangerous situation. Practically the entire press has embarked on a jingoistic campaign. Open bellicose statements, editorials, columns intensified among a welter of utterly confusing and contradictory news reports must be having a deleterious effect on the public. For it must be exceedingly difficult for the people to obtain any fair degree of facts which are essential for them to know in order to get any idea of what is

taking place and what they are facing. It seems to me that the task facing the outspoken progressives, leaders and honest men and women is not only more difficult, but also most urgent.

Oh, darling, I feel so frustrated. I would like to stop the ordinary man on the street and talk to him, for I feel sure it would be easy for both of us to agree on our joint interest.

One thing is certain, I've been reading and listening to so many beautiful words and lovely high sounding principles in lengthy dissertations. All empty words, for they are bred on false premises and are leading to reaction, decay and war—always in the guise of peace and the “free” world. It is only necessary to keep in mind the individual actions and the apparent contradictions to see the true face of the “prophets of doom.” I am very confident that people will succeed in defending peace and I sincerely believe they will help save us.

Of course, you know I miss you very much and I love you with all my heart. Always devoted to you—Your husband,

Julie

MY DARLING,

You can imagine how anxious I was while you went through the ordeal (A visit from her mother—Ed.) but from all that I gathered you did very well. It is we who have a conscience and decent feelings that are forced to suffer the tortures of the damned, in order to uphold our principles. At the moment we are in the forefront of a very important struggle and I feel confident we will continue to find the courage to stand firm in spite of the terrific personal pressures assailing us. It is hard for good people to believe that barbaric mental and emotional terror is being used against us. The civilized mind is revolted by such tactics. The political lesson must be clear to all who are not blind that only organized opposition to the hatemongers can save the peace and freedom.

Oh Honey, I love you very much and I want so to be with you. Can you imagine they didn't have the nerve to face

me! Your family didn't even make an attempt to see me. They are probably waiting for further instructions from the F.B.I. or district attorney before they venture to offer me their rotten deals. Although I don't know the details I still want to pat you on the back for the way you conducted yourself.

You know, sweetheart, with all the increasing tension and the confusing world situation I still feel calm because I am secure in the knowledge we are right and we are doing our part in this fight. What is really difficult for me is the constant concern over you and the children and I guess that is only natural. We didn't make any plans for another visit with our boys but I think we ought to have them up here after Manny puts in our petition. Think about it and make some arrangements so that we'll get in another visit, before we hear from the Supreme Court. I adore you Ethel, my precious wife. I hold you always close to my heart—As ever devoted to you,

Julie

SWEETHEART DARLING,

Here it is still two more days before a young man's fancy turns to love. Everything seems to be in time. The season of the year is approaching with the bright sunny days that quicken the pulse, freshen the spirit and a glorious feeling of youthfulness encourages newer accomplishments. For in essence, advancement always displays the vigor of youth. The world has come to recognize the true nature of our case and the people, the most effective force on earth, are behind us and are demonstrating a thorough awareness that they know how to fight for peace and freedom. Not only has this miscarriage of justice inspired, but it has exposed our Government by the barbaric sentence of death against two innocent people for their progressive views. The public is beginning to understand the full meaning of our case. Therefore, my morale is at a very high point and my profound love is in harmony with it, but cries out for proper expression. There is no doubt that we've received great

satisfaction from our firm maintenance of high moral and ethical standards and from working for a good cause but still the flesh and blood will not be assuaged until we are together again with our children at home.

I've been thinking, darling, it is almost three years since we've lived with our children. How we treasured every moment with them and how wonderful it was to share each and every accomplishment of theirs. A new painting, a nice block building, a particularly meaningful action of our boys, signs of growth, indications of abilities for music, art and the general problems of joy, worry and pain that go with the beauty of family life. And so Robbie will be six and Mike is ten and they and we have been denied our birth-rights. If we write with conviction and are strong it's because the truth is indelibly made part of us by the deep marks of pain. When I see the spark of understanding in Michael's deep blue eyes and the warm smile of feeling in Robbie's face, then I know the reason we can stand this great suffering. Inside of me I guess I'm a softie, for when I think of our sons and you I get such tender feelings and, although I don't show it, my heart is crying.

You know I've been reading a great deal lately, books on nature, the physical laws, economic problems, political and scientific works, and because I know man can work with nature and better the world I realize how important it is to work to make this a reality. This is the only way to truly love my children. Dearest, when I sit across from you separated by the power of tyranny, my eyes, my voice and my demeanor convey to you my wholehearted devotion and admiration for you and assure you that I will forever be true. So for the coming day, a breath of spring, the perspective that will make all year the seasons of youth for the full bloom of life, I love you and I'm confident. Your young man,

Julie

PRECIOUS BUNNY,

I'm going around with that far away look in my eyes.

You guessed it. Just some more of that spring fever. Now that I've read the latest issue of the *National Guardian* I can understand the reason for the *New York Times* giving such prominence to something that is only a rehash. Greenglass asserts! He did not lie! You will note that now they are forced to fall back on the weak premise that he says so and ergo it must be so!

Sweetheart, the public is questioning, and very strongly so, the verdict in this case and they have reason to believe that it is corrupt. Considering the cold war that we are in, I honestly feel that the results of the dinner are amazing and it should indicate to those who are working on our behalf that they should boldly go out and mobilize the people around our case.

Another very heartening thing is the new enlarged New York issue of the *National Guardian*. It is such a welcome sign of the growing opposition to the press blackout and it comes at a very appropriate time when progressives are beginning to fight back against McCarthyism—the fuehrer of American fascism. It seems to me that what is needed is a little clarity on events and the people will quickly recognize the demagogic acts of our government in foreign and domestic policy.

Let me come back to the point I raised at the beginning of the letter. The Easter season is a colorful time for the family. Some new clothes, beautiful flowers, warm weather and a holiday spirit permeates the air. Love, closeness of family and the good feeling of joy in life! To me, it was always a time for rededication to the humane features of man, to high moral and ethical standards and to concentration on the deeper meaning of things. Even here, we must cultivate the zest for all that is decent and I've been able to drink deeply and with great satisfaction when I read good news of happenings in the world. I speak relatively because basically I'm very lonely for you, the children and the life of striving to advance in the world we know.

Your smile Ethel, your warm kiss, your sweet voice and

your understanding mind are my greatest treasure and pleasure.

Accept my heart, my love. Your *Julie*

BELOVED ETHEL,

Into the narrow confines of this steel and concrete tomb, in the abattoir at Sing Sing comes a card, a message from far away Belgium; a fresh breeze of spring. I do not know who sends this particular one but our good advocate Manny informs me that it is one of thousands from the Belgian and French people. It comes from the mind because they think of us. It comes from the heart because they love us.

The card is simple and clear and yet all encompassing. Besides the concise language, there is a drawing of flowers (of earth's creation), of hands reaching for beauty, for food and for life. This has stirred me deeply for here is a visual example of the expression of the conscience of the world; of humanity's striving for good, for plenty, and they know it can only come with peace and liberty.

Sweetheart, we are honored. I am encouraged by the wonderful sentiment and feel strong in the unity that binds us with our brothers all over the world against the tyrants that would destroy us. Since the tyrants have no faith in the people they fail to understand an elementary historical truth—the strength of the people.

In every sector of American life there has lately arisen a group of self-appointed “demi-gods” following the lead of McCarthy. They have arrogated to themselves the supreme powers to dictate to the rest of us what we may or may not do, read, speak and believe. They hide their demagoguery under a mask of super-patriotism, wild lies and charges. In an atmosphere of fear they cater to the basest passions to prevent reason and truth from exposing their game. It seems to me it is imperative to stand up to these fascists and nail them to their own lies.

Our forefathers freed themselves from bondage and we must learn that while we are able, we must prevent these

evil men from enslaving the mind as a prelude to complete subjugation. That is why they must be fought at every stage. They who struggle for freedom can rightly claim this glorious heritage of our people and I am sure it will inspire them as it has always inspired me.

Believe me it seems like ages since I've seen you because I've been busy reading books, newspapers, Supreme Court opinions and legal briefs. I read the opinion and the briefs in the case of the four negroes (the Daniels Case) who are due to die in North Carolina. Honey, here is proof positive of lynch justice. When will America awaken to the truth and stop these bestial, racial murders? Now they are adding political murders and spreading barbarism like the Nazis did. All my love,

Julie

DEAREST HONEY,

I'm still coasting along on the wonderful effects of our last legal consultation and I've spent the last few days reading our petition and appendix to the Supreme Court. You will have time enough to enjoy the pleasure of reading this wonderful piece of work our beloved Manny put together on our behalf. I sent our distinguished advocate a short note of my views of his legal handiwork. With my limitations I tried very hard to adequately praise him for his excellent job. Darling, I believe it is a masterpiece and by far the best possible legal appeal we can offer. The facts presented are incontrovertible and the law bears out our contentions. Of course, we'll get the relief we seek if the court sticks to law and the merits of the case but I'm afraid other extraneous circumstances will influence the decision. At any rate I'm happy about the legal papers that were filed on our behalf.

Would you believe it Ethel each night when I go to bed I see the beautiful colored picture of our precious darlings, "I. Piccole Rosenbergs" and I feel so good.¹ It's the warmth and comradeship of decent people, it is the compassionate heart

¹ Julie refers to the cover page of *Vie Nuove*, Rome, Italy, which had a reproduction of Michael and Robert in color.

of good people and the fraternal solidarity of mankind. This is what is really worthwhile and this is what is good in the world. I can understand how these people feel when they see the pictures of our sons for I know my reactions when I see the children of other innocent victims whether it be Negro children or Korean children. I love children and I want them all to have the best possible opportunities while they grow and live a most fruitful life. Surely, with such strong feelings I yearn to go back to our life together. However, as long as we can affect people in such a way that they print these pictures and the women of France write such letters to you, then we can face the trials of the days ahead with greater strength and courage. My beloved woman and faithful wife, we stand together in unity of heart and mind, firmly defending our principles and our sacred honor. This legacy we can and will give to Michael and Robert no matter what the outcome of this case. Always thinking of you, sweetheart—Your devoted fellow, *Julie*

DEAREST ETHEL,

Tomorrow is May Day, traditional labor holiday. At its inception in America, it symbolized the great struggle that led to the eight hour day. In recent times it has held great meaning for the peoples of the world who are fighting for a better, richer life in peace. We have always considered this a special day for us and so I on this day send my ardent greetings and deep love. I am sure we are not alone because all people desire peace as we do. Many of them are thinking of us and working to save our lives. It seems to me that now the true nature of neo-fascism as represented by McCarthyism is becoming clear to the American people. Only by active opposition to reactionary measures and by positive action for peace and progress can we maintain our freedom and democracy.

Sweetheart, considering the added circumstances of Spring I miss you more than ever before and it's just plain agony while we're apart. I want to sit beside you my love;

stroke your hair, I want to look into your eyes while I hold your hands in mine. Even as our minds are one, our gentle caress will convey most eloquently our feelings for words are not necessary. The simple fact of our close proximity *sans* wire screens, *sans* bars and an impending brutal death hanging over us, will be our greatest joy. We don't ask much to be completely happy. It is evident to all with a heart that there can be no greater pleasure than to be with each other and our children.

Yours to be home together next May Day, *Julie*

MY MOST PRECIOUS,

I send you a card, the only kind I could get, as a token to you for this Mother's Day, May 10th. This is a most important occasion because motherhood combines all the traits that are glorious, good and creative. In you, the mother of our two fine sons, I find the great beauty of life and the promise for a fruitful and worthwhile future. Mankind's every effort is basically directed to freeing himself from the physical and mental fetters that bind him and utilizing a maximum knowledge of the laws of nature and social relations to advance the general well-being which, of course, includes his own family. It is true that in peace and freedom there are the optimum conditions for developing the greatest potentials and gifts of the individual but in spite of all hardships, and under extreme conditions, motherhood has prepared women to make great contributions to society. The plain fact is that you, Ethel, my wife, are one of the best examples of a woman combining all these noble traits of a mother and decent human being. I know you well and I've witnessed the proof of what kind of person you are and I say I am proud to have shared these years with so sweet and fine a wife and mother as you. Painters can make you see it. Poets put it in rhyme and musicians give you music to hear it. For me I feel it inside of me, in my heart and in my mind and this is the most precious thing in the world, a true person. Therefore, I readily understand that your

greatest suffering is due to the fact that you are denied the opportunity to exercise your prerogative as a mother.

By now, our enemies must be aware of their great mistake in fighting against such a powerful force. The more the public becomes acquainted with this situation the greater the pressure will be to struggle against the monsters who dare to perpetrate such bestiality. The outraged conscience of the world will not be assuaged, unless this barbarous sentence is revoked and this miscarriage of justice is rectified. All honesty and sane reason demands an end to this tyranny against us.

Because I am one of the people, so close to you and also another innocent victim of this frameup, I feel your pain very deeply and in anguish cry out for your suffering. Somehow, somewhere, together we find in each other the strength to withstand together the rigors of our trials and the good people everywhere continue to be a source of never-ending encouragement and support for our principled fight. Our faith and hopes have kept our spirits high and we are confident the ultimate victory will belong to us. Then, let me gather you in my arms, even as you are in my mind, so that I may love you with all my heart.

We can face the lies, the pain and even death as long as we are united in heart and soul, in love and truth.

Always devoted to you.

Julie

MY DARLING ETHEL,

Today was a really beautiful Mother's Day and I spent a great deal of time thinking about you. The usual stuff, how we spent our lives together, the sweet children we have, the kind of fight we're putting up. . . . The will to live, enhanced by all the world's beauties, by the basic worth of truth and principles continues to keep my spirits high. Spring the season of new hopes keeps turning my attention to you and all my thoughts are of love of my lady fair. The luxury of grandiose day-dreams does not assuage the deep yearnings of my demanding heart so I must find relief elsewhere in

my reading and writing but all to no avail. I continue to suffer. It is when I feel this way that I know how deep your pain is and all the tenderness I possess flows out to you, my dearest.

Slowly, haltingly, but surely, in spite of the headlines and the military and the politicians, the logic of events backed by the peoples' will is forcing a truce in Korea. Unless some unforeseen madness upsets the wishes of mankind there will be peace in the world this summer.

In my mind, I've celebrated this Mother's Day in the usual manner. We used to enjoy these days together and I hope that next Mother's Day we will be home with our children and share our happiness the proper way.

All my love

Julie

DEAREST ETHEL,

Congratulations, mommie, our baby is six years old today. It seems only yesterday he was only a tiny fellow and now he's going to school, writing, doing the things little boys do and growing up. Not only have they falsely accused us but they have robbed our little one of his babyhood and early boyhood and denied him the comfort and love of his parents. This crime against our children is the most dastardly part of the frameup against us. When decent standards no longer exist and humane considerations are destroyed then all civilized people have much to fear from those vicious men who rule the destinies of our lives. Apparently the American people are not sufficiently impressing the government with their ardent desires for peace. How else can one explain the present policies that lead only to more and bigger wars? Our earliest estimates were correct, that the brutal sentence against us is part of a pattern of pro-fascist and bellicose actions by those who rule our land. It is obvious that only positive mass action by the public will be successful in redirecting our country toward peace.

I had not intended going into this type of discussion but only to talk about our sons and the meaning of their birth-

days. The most important need they have is for us to win our fight for freedom.

You know that I am terribly proud of our children and believe me when I say that I never loved them more dearly than I do now. The strong family bond and paternal feelings I have for Michael and Robbie give me my greatest incentive to uphold the honor of our name. Of course, you, my darling are aware of the deep affection and profound love I have for each and every member of our fine family unit. To me this has always been the most vital factor in my real understanding of the life force.

The afternoon after I saw you I had a pleasant ride through the prison as a birthday present. The lush green lawns, rows of tulips, all the signs of spring, the wide river and open spaces were wonderful to see and then they spoiled it all by yanking out a molar. Imagine spoiling my birthday by pulling a tooth! There just ain't no justice!

The wonderful birthday cards I received were well chosen and expressed the right kind of sentiments. I just can't help loving my family and friends.

Always your own

Julie

FOR MRS. VAN HAAREN:

Sing Sing to Holland! A vast aggregate of mileage, of water, of people, lies between; half a world of pitiless toil and travail, of bloodshed and bondage, separates us! Yet there are no reaches of space the human heart cannot overtake, no strident struggle the lusty cry of new life cannot lend new courage, new hope!

Good mother of Ethel Julia you are very dear to us. In your face is written a tenderness and pride most beautiful to behold, and your arms encircle your baby with a true woman's steadfast strength. You are the universal mother, plain, enduring, unadorned save for the grace of a benign fulfillment, patient, indomitable, fruitful, as the fecund Earth herself!

Kind and generous sister, may I share her with you, this

child of my adversity, though not of my body, this child named for love? Then sing out bravely, Ethel Julia, your brothers (Michael and Robert) shout in joyous welcome and crowd close to touch your flower's face! Sing out bravely, stout little Dutch girl, and rouse the sleepers across the far Atlantic! The murderous sea pounds perilously upon every shore!

Ethel Rosenberg

Ethel wrote this letter upon learning that a Rotterdam woman had named her child Ethel Julia in their honor. The following letter arrived in answer to Ethel's—after the Execution:

BRAVE ETHEL AND JULIUS,

We received your letter from Sing Sing and are grateful and proud of it. Our daughter is doing fine and we hope that she will be worthy of your names which we gave her because we know you are innocent of what you have been condemned for. As for the question if our daughter, Ethel Julia also may be your child and a sister to your little sons, we are proud to accept this.

Dear Ethel and Julius, we shall fight for your freedom as we should fight for our own father and mother. Be always brave and courageous. Our Ethel shall know what you suffer and have suffered for us. Ethel and Julius, truth will always be victorious. With many greetings from all of us and from your little Ethel Julia, *Mrs. Chr. van Haaren-Bos.*

ETHEL DARLING,

At this moment I'm very lethargic and in a romantic mood. I guess it is the combined effect of a nice long spring day and a natural desire to be with my beloved. The constant longing is a powerful force that makes me ever conscious of my deep need for you and spurs me on to renewed endeavors to be reunited. Everything seems so unreal and out of focus. It seems like we're suspended somewhere, far off, seeing everything that's being done but not able to do

anything even though we're the center of the controversy.

I think the most crucial attack against the American people is the psychological offensive against a free and reasoning mind; that tries to frighten the individual into conformism via mass hysteria. No self-respecting person with pride and dignity will be able to flourish under this situation. History has proven that the only answer to this autocratic anarchy is forthright defense of freedom, democracy and peace.

Therefore, my love, it is not only a matter of life but also the most worthwhile attributes of civilization that we fight to maintain when we struggle to keep our principles of decency and the sacredness of our honor.

Always devoted to you. *Julie*

ETHEL DARLING,

You, too, no doubt have been reading the latest twist in the verbal battle against us. It is to be noted, that only recently, substantive evidence has been unearthed that sharply raises the question of the corruptness of the verdict against us and yet the "free" press has raised a curtain of silence hiding this most revealing and important information from the public who have a right to know the facts in this case. To observe these truths the Justice Department engages in a psychological tactic to continue the process of brain washing the people, in this trial by newspaper technique.

"Officials" of the department inspire news reports that receive wide coverage in the mass media that is sympathetic to the prosecution. Not only is this an *ex parte* presentation which is indecorous and devoid of any fairness but it is outrageous because the items are made up either in part or in their entirety of lies.

Never do they meet our charges which are well documented but instead issue self-serving statements always without any proof.

That officials of the government engage in the "most

reprehensible practices" in this case is surely a grave threat to the foundations of American justice and the liberty of all people. However, I feel confident that they will not succeed in their plot to make this monstrous frameup stick because it is based on a foundation of a big lie, for we are completely innocent. The efforts of decent men and women everywhere will insure us the time needed to uncover all the truths in this case and prevent a gross miscarriage of justice. Moreover, this case will boomerang and once the issues are understood by the people they will actively work for peace and freedom which they will see is in great danger.

I firmly believe these desperate moves of the opposition are due to concern and weakness on their part. They are worried the truth will out and their wretched game will be exposed, for the world to see. The pattern of events of the attacks against the democratic rights of the people followed by the attempt to deport Cedric Belfrage, Editor of the independent progressive *National Guardian* and detention of a prominent English pacifist under the McCarran Act are indeed symptomatic of fascism. Once the mind is shackled there is no longer any freedom of conscience. I have faith that the American people will not let it happen here.

Perhaps some one in the Justice Department has some advance information on our writ of certiorari petition; anyway we might know definitely this Monday. I was pleased to read your poem in this week's *Guardian* because it carries a terrific punch. Since I don't seem to be getting any results with my requests for the printed matter the Committee has published will you please try to use your charming influence with Manny to send us this material.

— Hey, sweetie, this poor guy is nuts about you and misses you very much—All the love of my heart and mind I send you.

Julie

X

FINAL REJECTION

DEAR MANNY,

Enclosed please find a letter sent me by Julie a day before word came of the denial of certiorari. I think it analyzes the events that led to the Supreme Court's capitulation with exceptional clarity, so am holding in abeyance several others from him, in order to ensure quick re-censorship of this lone one and immediate forwarding to you.

Heil McCarthy! Imagine! Two impudent and imprudent heretics had the audacity to challenge the line laid down by our *genädige gauleiter* in order not to deprive two lowly citizens of due process! Seriously, this is political prosecution, shameless, blatant, cynical. But it must not be a cause for pessimism; the appearance of health often masks a rotting organism. The bravado, the display of strength must not be mistaken for victory itself; quite the contrary, it is only through a correct evaluation of the purely psychological nature of the attack that it will lose its power to cripple and immobilize the defense.

It is the relentless struggle to live life that defeats death! To put it in classic terms, "There is nothing to fear but fear itself." Tell the Bachs they must feel this great truth themselves, so that they may infect our children with their courage and ours! If we, the parents, dare not permit ourselves the luxury of emotionalism, neither may they. More difficult yet, but unavoidable, they must be our voices, our strength and our love. On the rock of such a proudly assumed burden, the hate that would cruelly damn two innocent children must surely batter itself useless! . . .

ONLY COMFORT MY KIDS; I can't help it, it hurts dreadfully for them.

All my love and all my devotion, *Ethel*

ETHEL DARLING,

What does one write to his beloved when faced with the very grim reality that in eighteen days, on their fourteenth wedding anniversary, it is ordered that they be put to death? The approaching darkest hour of our trial and the grave peril that threatens us require every effort on our part to avoid hysterics and false heroics, but only maintain a sober and calm approach to our most crucial problems.

Dearest, over and over again, I have tried to analyze in the most objective manner possible the answers to the position of our government in our case. Everything indicates only one answer—that the wishes of certain madmen are being followed in order to use this case as a coercive bludgeon against all dissenters. However, I still have faith that the more responsible elements in the administration will let sanity be the better part of judgment and spare our lives. It seems to me that at this moment it is still touch and go, and therefore we must see to it that the maximum is done in our behalf.

Surely, the American government doesn't want such a damaging record as is documented in our case to go down in history, for it will stand condemned for all time for this gross miscarriage of justice and this brutal sentence against two innocent people. For in good conscience and self-respect we could never deny the simple truth that we are innocent. By every reasoned consideration, we should be allowed to live while there remains grave doubt to afford us the chance to clear our name and bring the true facts to light. At this late hour, I am still confident the good people of our country will make their will felt in Washington and stop the execution.

Sweetheart, I know that our children and our family are suffering a great deal right now and it is natural that we be concerned for their welfare. However, I think we will have to concentrate our strength on ourselves. First, we want to make sure that we stand up under the terrific pressure, and then we ought to try to contribute some share to the fight.

To my way of looking at the problem, this is the way we can look out for our children's interests best.

Honey dear, the Sunday issue of the *New York Times* had an excellent editorial on the essence of June, with particular emphasis on the physical beauty of the lush green around us. This month was ours, because then we were united as husband and wife and found the boundless joy of a flourishing, beautiful relationship. Precious noble woman, even to the end, I am completely devoted to you. All the love I possess is yours—
Julie

ETHEL DARLING,

I think the statement we issued through our attorney is an excellent one and I am very much pleased with it. Indeed, I am proud of the fact that the bulk of the words and ideas put in the final draft were a product of your efforts and together this was a joint accomplishment. It is hard for people to realize the very difficult circumstances we are laboring under, and the deep sense of responsibility we felt as we worked out our thoughts to make sure that everyone would know the letter and full spirit of what we tried to tell the public. After all, our very lives and most cherished principles are at stake here, and I am glad we met the test well. Even more important is that the American people should know the truth about our case and also about the reprehensible conduct of Justice Department officials in this case. I feel strongly that it is our sacred duty to expose the police state methods that are being practised. Because we are fighting for a just cause our spirits are high, but at the same time our lives are in very great jeopardy. Of course the storm is getting greater but I know we'll ride through this storm in good shape. Therefore my sweet, I can't help admiring you and telling you over and over again that you are a great noble woman—which in fact you are—and certainly a very charming person at that. I guess it will not be amiss if I say I love you most dearly.

As we expected, the government would be quick to deny that they indulged in this dirty business. It reminds me of the story of the over-zealous district attorney who was accused of offering a similar "deal" to an accused. The district attorney fumed and vehemently denied this in a long, loud speech to the court, but he ended on this note: however, if the accused care to accept, the deal still stands (sic). One thing is certain—that Mr. Bennett sure inflicted a great deal of mental torture on us during the course of the one hour he was alone with me in the counsel room, the half-hour he spent with you, and the half-hour the three of us were together. Perhaps he didn't mean to say to either of us, or also in both our presences, that the Attorney General sent him to us and "Mr. Brownell wants us to know we can co-operate with the Government then there will be a basis to recommend clemency to the President!"

How big can the lie get and how much deceit and fraud are they capable of before they realize the dishonor they are doing to our country—and the cruelty they are visiting on innocent people. Events are happening at an increasing tempo and we must continue to look to each other to find the strength and courage to stand up to the terror. United in love and spirit we will be successful.

Always devoted to you, your *Julie*

DEAR MANNY,

After the incident of the special visit from the emissary of the Attorney General of the U.S. I rushed off a telegram to you and I wrote up an account of what took place at the interview. But when I heard you were going to see us the next day, I preferred to give you all the details verbally. After reading the bald lie of the Justice Department that Mr. Bennett's¹ visit was routine and that they intimated no deal was offered, I feel it my duty to present the facts as they took place last Tuesday.

¹ Federal Director of the Bureau of Prisons.

First, let me tell you that the mental torture Ethel and I went through took a very great toll and has revealed the naked, ugly brutality of police state tyranny.

On Monday, June 1, Mr. Carroll and Mr. Foley, U.S. Marshalls, were up to serve us with papers setting down our executions for our fourteenth wedding anniversary, June 18, 11.00 p.m. My wife and I are to be horribly united in death on the very day of our greatest happiness, our wedding day. They were very pleasant, but they had a job, a distasteful one at that, to do and they pointedly asked me before they left if they could do anything for us. I said yes—bring us good news. Their visit was routine.

Tuesday at 11.00 a.m., after my visit with Ethel, I was ushered into the counsel room and there was Mr. Bennett. Mind you, this was the first time I was alone with anyone without an officer or Sing Sing official present (I believe it's against the regulations here). We were alone for about an hour while the Principal Keeper, Mr. Kelley, sat outside the room with the door closed.

Mr. Bennett opened the conversation and said:

"Mr. Brownell, the Attorney General, sent me to see you and he wants you to know that if you want to co-operate with the Government you can do so through me and I will be able to make arrangements for you to talk with any proper officials. Furthermore, if you, Julius, can convince the officials that you have fully co-operated with the Government, they have a basis to recommend clemency."

You can realize how shocked I was, and I didn't want to lose my temper, or my self-control and I said that, in the first place, we were innocent, that is the whole truth and therefore we know nothing that would come under the meaning of the word "co-operate." By the way, I asked, did you tell our lawyer that you were coming to us about this matter?

He said no, your lawyer will see you tomorrow. I told him to get in touch with you as it was the only proper thing to do. He said he would, later on.

You mean to tell me, Mr. Bennett, I said, that a great Government like ours is coming to two insignificant people like us and saying "co-operate or die?" It isn't necessary to beat me with clubs, but such a proposal is like what took place during the middle ages. It is equivalent to the screw and rack. You are putting a tremendous pressure on me.

He said, "Why, do you know that I didn't sleep last night when I knew I had to see you and Ethel the next day and talk to you about this matter? I was terrible worried."

How do you think we feel, sitting here waiting for death for over two years when we are innocent, I asked. My family has gone through great suffering. My sister had a breakdown; my aged, ailing mother is tormented; our children have known much emotional and mental agony. Then you talk to us about this?

Remember, Mr. Bennett, we love our country. It is our home, the land of my children and my family. We do not want its good name to be shamed and in justice and common decency, we should be allowed to live to prove our innocence.

He then said, "No—not a new trial. Only by co-operating will there be a basis to ask for commutation. Look here, Julius," he said, "you didn't deny that you do not know anything about this espionage."

I certainly did, I answered, and furthermore, did you read the trial record, sir?

He said he had not, but continued, saying, "You had dealings with Elizabeth Bentley."

I never did, and if you read the record, she said on the witness stand that she did not know me and never met me.

"But you had dealing with Gold, didn't you?"

Of course I didn't. Gold also said on the stand he never met me or knew me. You should have read the record to be familiar with the facts.

"Oh, I read the newspaper accounts of it." (It is interesting to note how they become convinced of their own lies

and will not stick to the trial record of the case.)

"Listen, Julius, I was just sent here, but if you agree, I will bring someone to see you who is thoroughly familiar with the case and you will try to convince him you have co-operated with the Government."

What do you want to do, I asked? Have him convince me I am guilty, when I am not. You want him to put ideas in my head. You will only be satisfied when I say the things you want me to say, but I will not lie about this matter.

"Look, Julius," he said, "Gordon Dean, the head of the Atomic Energy Commission, is a very good friend of mine and if he is convinced that you have co-operated fully and told all you know about espionage he will see the President and recommend clemency."

I don't know anything about espionage since I am innocent, and I think you should tell the Attorney General to recommend clemency because it is the just, humane and proper thing to do in this case. Our country has a reputation to maintain in the world and many of its friends are outraged at the barbaric sentence and the lack of justice in this case.

"I know there has been a lot of publicity in the case, but that is not germane. What *is* the point is that you have to convince the officials that you have co-operated. Well, Julius, why did your brother-in-law involve you?"

I believe he did it to save his own skin, also to try to make himself out to be a minor, innocent dupe dominated by someone else so that he should not be held accountable for his own actions. Besides, the Government had caught the Greenglasses with the goods and they had to find some way to mitigate their own punishment. With my background of being fired for alleged Communism from Government service, because I was a union organizer, and since he was a relative and knew me intimately, and we had violent quarrels and there existed personal animosity between us, I was falsely involved. Also, the prosecution was a chance to make great political capital out of

“Communist-spy-atom-bomb.” My wife and I became scapegoats and were straws tossed around by the political controversies that raged in the cold war. Why not go to the Greenglasses and get *them* to co-operate to tell the truth about this family!

You yourself, Mr. Bennett, as head of the Prison Bureau, know that Greenglass and Gold were together in the Tombs¹ for nine months, discussing the case, studying notes from a big looseleaf book, rehearsing testimony, talking to FBI agents, the prosecution, and their attorney. You know this because the records of the Tombs will show it, and yet your department refused to give us an opportunity to subpoena these records to prove this. You know that Greenglass was coached on the A-bomb sketch testimony, both verbally and from notes. You know the prosecution permitted the Greenglasses to perjure themselves. You know the prosecution caused Schneider (Passport photographer who later admitted perjured testimony—ED.) to perjure himself. You know the Government is preventing my wife’s family from coming forth with exculpatory testimony. You know that the prosecution has exculpatory evidence that they are withholding from the court. In short, we did not get a fair trial and we were framed. Now you want us to admit that this big lie is the truth. That we can never do.

Sure, Mr. Bennett, we will co-operate fully. Give us our day in court and under oath from the witness stand, we will repeat the truth and at the same time, we will be able to subpoena witnesses to prove our claims. That is the way to give us justice.

“Oh no, Julius. No new trial—only by co-operating can you help yourself—”

But you can have the district attorney agree to one of our motions? Then we will put up or shut up, and I am sure we will be vindicated.

“No. That is not germane. You have to co-operate with the Government.”

¹ Prison in New York City.

How about the death sentence? Certainly, even if the verdict were a true one, which we vehemently deny, we never should have gotten such a severe sentence. The history of our country in freeing war criminals, Nazi and Fascist, in not putting to death traitors and spies, and yet, for the first time, making the Rosenbergs the worst criminals in all our history—You know, as a reasoning man, this is not right. All the facts in the case, the trial record, and the sentence prove it was a means of coercion. The humane, just and proper action would be for our lives to be spared. We are a leading, powerful country with a great prestige in the world and we must consider what the people will think about the fact that our Government says to two people, "Co-operate or die." Remember, it would be in the best interest of our country to commute our sentences of death.

"But Julius, I am giving you the opportunity to co-operate," he said.

Sure. Judge Kaufman made a terrible blunder with this outrageous sentence and he has the bull by the tail and he can't let go.

"That's right, Julius. He needs you to help him change this sentence and you can do this by telling all you know."

I cannot bail him out for his mistake, for we never should have received this sentence and, in fact, we never should have been brought to trial.

"Julius, all the courts upheld the conviction many times and all the officials in Washington believe you guilty. Why, most everybody believe you guilty!"

You know that only one appeals court upheld the verdict of the original trial and the denial of certiorari does not pass on the merits of a case. At all other times, we didn't get a hearing, but only the right to file papers. This is the form of the law, not its spirit. Always such haste—because they are afraid we will prove our innocence. Also, people like Dr. Urey, Professor Einstein, scientists, lawyers, men of letters, have grave doubts about the case after reading

the trial record. The Pope, three thousand Christian church leaders, prominent rabbis and millions of people have asked for clemency.

"No, Julius. The Pope did not ask for clemency."

Yes he did. And I have the articles from *L'Osservatore Romano* to prove it. We had the record printed—the one that records the entire proceedings of the trial and people read it and they came away with grave doubts about the justness of the verdict. This record is available and will be read. The only way to cleanse this damning record is to let us live so we can prove our innocence.

"Julius, the trial not being fair, the sentence being too severe, and all the publicity are not germane to the issue. The *only* way is for you to co-operate and convince the officials in Washington. Then, they will have a basis to ask for clemency."

All these three years, you say, I am not telling the truth. Then, if I say what you want me to say, that would be "co-operating", and then it would be the "truth". In good conscience, I could not lend myself to this practise and I must say, in effect, this pressure on us is cruel and unconscionable. The only decent thing to do is to tell Mr. Brownell to recommend clemency—

It was twelve o'clock when he went in to see Ethel for a half-hour, and then they brought me into the women's wing and he continued to try to browbeat us for another half-hour until 1 p.m. Ethel will tell you about what took place during this hour.

At the end of our session, the Warden walked into the women's wing and asked, what is this all about? I told him Mr. Brownell sent Mr. Bennett to tell us if we co-operated with the Government he would recommend clemency to the President. You will note that the Warden was not present when the offer was made.

After I was in my cell again after 1 p.m., Mr. Bennett came over and he tried to convince me again to let him bring people who are familiar with the case and "you would

submit to answering questions of what you know about this." Then I said, why this would be like "brain washing", Mr. Bennett; He then asked if he could come to see me again and I said yes, if he brings good news.

This terror was visited on two defenseless people, but it could not succeed because we are right and we refused to abandon our principles, our belief in democracy, freedom and the integrity of the individual. The people must be told all about what took place for there is great danger in our land if this Fascist stuff is not stopped now. After all the build-up in the newspapers they weakly deny that they made a dirty deal because they were exposed. The great difficulty is, that by their control of the mass media of information, they are continuously in small doses "brain-washing" the readers and listeners about our case and the public is misinformed. Every effort must be made to spread the truth.

We must live to defeat the plans of the Justice Department to kill us because they could not use us. I have faith that the people will learn the facts and save our lives and force the courts to stay our execution in order to see that we get justice in the time-honored tradition of our great American heritage. What will be the answer of America to all this? We are still confident that the good name of our country will be maintained and we will live.

All my love,

Julie

You can understand, counselor, that it isn't possible to remember all the words of the conversations that took place, but if the brain-washing session were recorded, all that I wrote would be the gist of what took place, stripped of fancy words and transparent camouflage. In effect, he told me—you must understand we control the courts and you'll never get anywhere there. Also, he displayed an utter disregard for the feelings and conscience of the people of the world as if to say "We call the time and if they don't like it,

they can lump it!" In so many words, he said that only if I become an informer and do and say things that satisfy the officials in Washington will they let us live. These are acts of desperation, signs of a deep illness and I fear that in the moments of madness they will disregard better judgment and the sane counsel of calm and intelligent, responsible leaders of the Government and, in frustration and hate, commit double murder.

Why, the courts don't even bother to read and study the questions we raise! They don't even make a pretense of going through the motions of even giving us the form of the law. It seems to me that when it comes to our case, there *is* no law any more. Then the courts have deteriorated to the point that they are mere appendages to an autocratic police force and in political cases the rights of defendants and the protection of the Constitution no longer operate. These are plain facts and I think each and every one of our legal papers should be printed in many thousands of copies and should receive wide distribution to inform America that *it is happening here*.

I must say for Ethel that she is indeed a gem, a most marvellous and heroic woman. Although the strain has been very severe, I am proud that we were able to resist the mental torture successfully. It is good to know that all of us are doing our utmost. When, oh when will our agony be over and how soon will we see some daylight? We are waiting and hoping to hear the good news soon.

As ever,

Julie

DEAR MANNY,

The lame attempts of the Justice Department to "brain-wash" the public on an issue that had been the main burden of a sickening refrain for over two long years, brings to mind Iago's cynical assertion that "Bravery's plain face is never seen till used!"

As you may recall, on Tuesday June 2, Mr. James V.

Bennett, Federal Director of Prisons, paid us a "routine" visit at Sing Sing and we wired you at once.

Ever since the imposition upon us of a manifestly savage and vengeful sentence we have been periodically advised via newspaper, radio and television, that the opportunity to save ourselves rested upon our willingness to "co-operate" with the Government and "confess" our "guilt." Often, these unofficial "invitations" to "talk" had risen in pitch and intensity to such an extraordinarily well-timed and collective clamor, as would have indicated a definite purpose on the part of the Government. Indeed, hot upon the heels of the Supreme Court's latest refusal to review, it was deliberately and falsely reported that an offer had been made us; and when you, as our counsel, roundly and publicly denounced this "news item" as an unethical fabrication, the Government was forced to show its hand.

After Judge Kaufman had, with his usual indelicate haste, fixed the week of June 15 for our joint execution, two U.S. Marshals, in the presence of the Warden, personally served me with official notification papers, setting aside June 18 (our 14th Wedding anniversary, incidentally) for the grand event. That was Monday, June 1. The very next day, just as I was sitting down to lunch, Mr. Bennett entered the women's wing of the Death house and announced himself. Contrary to all established practise, he was alone with me, the Principal Keeper and the matron having discreetly stationed themselves at the outer barred gate to the corridor, and the Warden, who invariably escorts official visitors through the prison, was conspicuously absent.

Mr. Bennett came right to the point. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr. had directed him to inform me that he could make available to me any official to whom I might care to divulge espionage information I had hitherto withheld. If I co-operated in this fashion, the Government stood ready to invalidate the death penalty. He had been visiting with Julie for an hour, and now he was anxious to get my viewpoint.

I made it short and sweet. I was innocent, my husband was innocent, and neither of us knew anything about espionage. And if the Attorney General were to send a highly placed authority to see me, I should simply reiterate what I had just stated and urge that clemency be recommended to remedy a shocking situation.

Gently, Mr. Bennett prodded me to "co-operate". "Surely you must know something," he coaxed. I picked him up quickly, "Well, now, how could I when I did not participate in any way? In order to co-operate as you desire, I should have to deliberately concoct a pack of lies and bear false witness against unoffending individuals. Is that what the authorities want me to do—to lie?"

He was properly horrified. "Oh, dear, no, of course we don't want you to lie. But now take a family, for example. One member might not be actively engaged in certain activities, but still have knowledge concerning another member's activities."

I was exceedingly polite but firm. "The fact still remains that I don't know any more than I knew during the trial. I told the full and complete truth then, and I don't intend to start lying now."

He tried another tack. "I am a perfectly honest individual myself, yet my experience in these matters has shown me that for one reason or another, a person will sometimes plead innocent, knowing full well that he is guilty. Wouldn't you agree with that?"

"I will be just as frank," I replied evenly, "and grant you that there have been such instances. Nevertheless, I couldn't concern myself as to the motives involved in such cases. I do, however, know my own mind and heart, and I tell you in all conscience that I continue to maintain my innocence for the sole reason that I am simply not guilty of the charge."

"Well, the Government claims to have in its possession documents and statements that would dispute that, so if only you were willing to co-operate, there might be a basis for a commutation."

I remained entirely unimpressed. "To begin with, I couldn't possibly know, nor do I care, what they have or don't have. Whatever it might be, it has nothing to do with me. Besides, if what they have is so damaging, why do they need me to confirm it, at this late stage? If you are persuading me to confess to activities concerning which I have solemnly sworn I have no knowledge, on the basis of evidence with which I was never confronted in court, then obviously the validity of this evidence must be strongly questioned, if it in fact exists at all. I will tell you this very bluntly. The most powerful Government on earth has sent its representative to approach us with a disgraceful proposition, because it is fully aware that the convictions were illegally procured, the sentences vindictive. And rather than risk exposing their participation in a rotten frame-up, and with a double execution they are anxious not to carry out only days away, they have the effrontery to try to forcibly wring from us a false confession, by dangling our lives before us like bait before hapless fish! Pay the price we demand, or forfeit your lives, is that the idea?"

At this juncture Mr. Bennett hastened to stem the rising tide of my indignation. "Come, come, I have not said anything of the sort, you are misinterpreting me." "On the contrary," I retorted, "I have understood you far too well. Of course, you are not quite so cold-blooded, but I have interpreted to you, and correctly, the Government's intent. So here is our answer. We will not be intimidated by the threat of electrocution into saving their faces, nor will we encourage the growing use of undemocratic police state methods by accepting a shabby, contemptible little deal in lieu of the justice that is due us as citizens. That is for Hitler Germany, not for the land of liberty. A truly great, truly honorable nation has the obligation to redress grievances, not to demand tribute of those who have been wronged for grudgingly sparing their lives—lives that should never have been placed in jeopardy at all!"

"But we are trying to help you by seeking your co-opera-

tion," he pleaded, beginning to flounder in earnest now. Somehow, he was not managing things as he had doubtless intended, and the mask of nonchalant authority was beginning to slip, revealing his very real discomfiture.

"Say what you will," I declared unmoved, "camouflage it, glamorize it, whitewash it, in any way you choose, but this is coercion, this is pressure, this is torture." I pointed to the clock that was cheerfully ticking away my life. "Let me say to you in all sobriety you will come to me at ten minutes of 11.00 p.m. on Thursday, June 18, and the fact of my innocence will not have changed in the slightest."

Mr. Bennett gazed at me with a look which said plainly, "She must be crazy to reject life when it is there for the taking—ar-r-humph—for a price, of course. Nevertheless, one has to respect her stand."

I felt sorry for him; just another cog in a wheel, doing a lousy, thankless job. Wanting so desperately to convince me that he was impartial and finding it increasingly difficult to maintain an untenable position against a virile and dedicated honesty!

Throwing up his hands in despair, finally, he requested that Julie be brought in. For another half-hour he fairly entreated us to "co-operate," even promising to enlist the aid of his good friend, Gordon Dean, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. My husband was wonderfully poised and forthright.

"How can America stoop to such tactics," he demanded, "and hope to command the continued respect and affection and support of our friends. It is simply unthinkable! Frankly, as one human being to another, can you offer me one reason that might possibly justify the unheard of barbarity of the sentence? And don't you feel at all called upon to recommend clemency to the Attorney General as a matter of plain, ordinary decency and common sense? How can this nation afford to let such villainy go unchallenged, and be indelibly recorded to the everlasting shame of incoming generations! Wouldn't it be the better part of valor to grant

Mr. Bloch the opportunity to prove our contention that the entire conduct of the case was marked by passion, prejudice and perjury? Just imagine! Even if it were true, and it is not, my wife is awaiting a horrible end for having typed a few notes! A heinous crime, 'worse than murder,' no doubt, and deserving of the supreme penalty, while the most atrocious and wanton killers known to civilization, the Nazi war criminals, are being freed daily."

Mr. Bennett began to look a little distraught. "What you're saying is not germane. Please, if you would only agree to co-operate, something could be worked out. There just won't be any other way." "Of course," I interjected, "a hearing based on new evidence is not germane; after all, we might actually be able to prove our claims! But it is germane for the Government of a great nation to victimize two helpless people just because a world controversy has developed as to their guilt, and to tell them in effect, 'to knuckle under or die!'"

Oh, I neglected to mention that a good bit after Julie's arrival, the Warden had finally come hurrying in. Now the visit was beginning to draw to a close. My husband was speaking. "Consider carefully, wouldn't it be more advantageous to the United States to let us live. Wouldn't it be a real proof to the peoples of the world that this country is genuinely concerned with human rights? Doesn't your coming here at the behest of the Attorney General indicate that the handling of this case has cost us a good deal of prestige on the other side? Obviously, it would be much less costly in terms of this prestige to give us the opportunity to prove our innocence!"

"Oh, oh, there's been so much politics made of this case—too much—and it isn't germane. You say you have never hurt your country, you say you love your country, do you?"

As we vigorously assented, he said, "Well, then, co-operate and give us the information we need to enable us to recommend a commutation!" We stared at him, appalled; then Julie said slowly. "You see, Mr. Bennett, we love her

so much, we will not permit her good name to be dishonored by entering into an immoral arrangement!"

He shrugged his shoulders wearily, explained to the Warden that he was to expedite any messages we might care to send him, and bade us good-bye. As he turned to go, I made a final plea: "Grant us our day in court, Mr. Bennett. Let us live that we may prove our innocence. That's the decent way, the American way!"

Afterwards, I learned that he had followed Julie back into his own corridor and had attempted yet once more to convince him that his only hope lay in "co-operation." "Would you like me to come back another time," he had inquired rather timidly. "Yes," my husband had answered pointedly, "if you can bring me some good news!"

All my love—

Ethel

354 Hunter Street,
Ossining, N.Y.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower,
White House, Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President,

At various intervals during the two long and bitter years I have spent in the Death House at Sing Sing, I have had the impulse to address myself to the President of the United States. Always, in the end, a certain innate shyness, an embarrassment almost, comparable to that which the ordinary person feels in the presence of the great and the famous, prevailed upon me not to do so.

Since then, however, the moving plea of Mrs. William Oatis on behalf of her husband has lent me inspiration. She had not been ashamed to bare her heart to the head of a foreign state; would it really be such a presumption for a citizen to ask for redress of grievance and to expect as much consideration as Mrs. Oatis received at the hands of strangers?

Of Czechoslovakia I know very little, of her President

less than that. But my own land is a part of me, I should be homesick for her anywhere else in the world. And Dwight D. Eisenhower was "Liberator" to millions before he was ever "President." It does not seem reasonable to me, then, that a letter concerning itself with condemned wife as well as condemned husband, should not merit this particular President's sober attention.

True, to date, you have not seen fit to spare our lives. Be that as it may, it is my humble belief that the burdens of your office and the exigencies of the times have allowed of no genuine opportunity, as yet, for your more personal consideration.

It is chiefly the death sentence I would entreat you to ponder. I would entreat you to ask yourself whether that sentence does not serve the ends of "force and violence" rather than an enlightened justice. Even granting the assumption that the convictions had been properly procured (and there now exists incontrovertible evidence to the contrary), the steadfast denial of guilt, extending over a protracted period of solitary confinement and enforced separation from our loved ones, makes of the death penalty an act of vengeance.

As Commander-in-Chief of the European theatre, you had ample opportunity to witness the wanton and hideous tortures that such a policy of vengeance had wreaked upon vast multitudes of guiltless victims. Today, while these ghastly mass butchers, these obscene racists, are graciously receiving the benefits of mercy and in many instances being reinstated in public office, the great democratic United States is proposing the savage destruction of a small unoffending Jewish family, whose guilt is seriously doubted throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world! As you have recently so wisely declared, no nation can chance "going it alone." That, Mr. President, is truly the voice of the sanity and of the leadership so sorely needed in these perilous times. Surely you must recognize then, that the ensuing damage to the good name of our country, in its

struggle to lead the world toward a more equitable and righteous way of life, should not be underestimated.

Surely, too, what single action could more effectively demonstrate this nation's fealty to religious and democratic ideals, than the granting of clemency to my husband and myself.

Such an act would also be a fitting reply to a small boy's desperate appeal. His bright young mind and homesick heart prompted him (even as his mother was prompted), to see in Mr. Oatis' release, a hope for the release of his own dear parents. I approach you then as he did, solely on the basis of mercy, and earnestly beseech you to let this quality sway you rather than any narrow judicial concern, which is after all the province of the courts. It is rather the province of the affectionate grandfather, the sensitive artist, the devoutly religious man, that I would enter. I ask this man, himself no stranger to the humanities, what man there is that history has acclaimed great, whose greatness has not been measured in terms of his goodness? Truly, the stories of Christ, of Moses, of Gandhi hold more sheer wonderment and spiritual treasure than all the conquests of Napoleon!

I ask this man, whose name is one with glory, what glory there is that is greater, than the offering to God of a simple act of compassion!

Take counsel with your good wife; of statesmen there are enough and to spare. Take counsel with the mother of your only son; her heart which understands my grief so well and my longing to see my sons grown to manhood like her own, with loving husband at my side even as you are at hers—her heart must plead my cause with grace and with felicity!

And the world must humbly honor greatness!

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) (Mrs.) *Ethel Rosenberg*, 110-510
Women's Wing—C.C.

XI

THE LAST LETTERS

DEAR MANNY,

Please send this letter to the kids or phone it in to them or send by messenger in as short a time as possible as I don't know where they are staying.

MY DEAREST DARLINGS,

This is the process known as "sweating it out," and it's tough, that's for sure. At the same time, we can't let a lot of chickens that go about their business without panic, even when something's frightening them—we can't let them put us to shame, can we? I was sorry afterward that I had not remembered the "example of the chickens" as you had put it to me in your last letter for it might have given you some comfort at the time of our parting.

Maybe you thought that I didn't feel like crying too when we were hugging and kissing goodbye, huh, even though I'm slightly older than 10. And maybe you thought I was just too matter of fact to stand, when your outraged feelings demanded acknowledgment in kind. Darlings, that would have been so easy, far too easy on myself; and I had to resist a very real temptation to follow your lead and break down with you. As I say it would have been only too easy, but it would not have been any kindness, at all. So I took the hard way instead of the easy, because I love you more than myself, and because I knew you needed that love far more than I needed the relief of crying.

Instead, I reassured you, as well as I could, in the minutes we had, and promised to write. There is one thing among many others I'd like you to know. The kisses are there between Daddy and myself even though we may not exchange them presently. And while it would be sweet to be able to do so, it is only to the degree that parents are able

to give each other and their children the strength and encouragement to cope with their problems and to "sweat it out" if need be, it is only to that degree, I say, that people really love.

I know, sweethearts, an explanation of this kind cannot ever substitute for what we have been missing and for what we hope to be able to return to, nor do I intend it as any such thing. Only, as I say, we need to try to remain calm and free from panic, so that we can do all we can to help one another to see this thing through!

I shall continue writing you after Daddy's visit this morning but am sending out this incomplete letter in the meantime.

All my love and all my kisses—*Mommy*

DEAR MANNY,

I have drawn up a last will and testament so that there can be no question about the fact that I want you to handle all our affairs and be responsible for the children, as you have in fact been doing. Ethel completely concurs in this request and is in her hand attesting to it.

Our children are the apple of our eye, our pride and most precious fortune. Love them with all your heart and always protect them in order that they grow up to be normal healthy people. That you will do this I am sure but as their proud father I take the prerogative to ask it of you, my dearest friend and devoted brother. I love my sons most profoundly.

I am not much at saying goodbyes because I believe that good accomplishments live on forever but this I can say—my love of life has never been so strong because I've seen how beautiful the future can be. Since I feel that we in some small measure have contributed our share in this direction I think my sons and millions of others will have benefited by it.

Words fail me when I attempt to tell of the nobility and grandeur of my life's companion, my sweet and devoted

wife. Ours is a great love and a wonderful relationship—it has made my life full and rich.

My aged and ailing mother has been a source of great comfort and we always shared a mutual love and devotion. Indeed she has been selfless in her efforts on our behalf. My sisters and my brother have supported us from the start and were behind us 100 per cent and worked on our behalf. We can truthfully say that my family gave us sustenance in the time of our great trials.

You Manny are not only considered as one of my family but are our extra special friend. The bond of brotherhood and love between us was forged in the struggle for life and all that it means and it is a source of great strength to us. Be strong for us, beloved friend, and we wish you long life to continue your fruitful work in health and happiness for without doubt you are a fine man, dear friend and sincere advocate of the people. I salute you and caress you affectionately with all my heart.

Never let them change the truth of our innocence.

For peace, bread and roses, in simple dignity we face the executioner with courage, confidence and perspective, never losing faith. As ever,

Julie

P.S.—All my personal effects are in three cartons and you can get them from the Warden. All my love—*Julie*

June 19th—Ethel wants it made known that we are the first victims of American Fascism.

Ethel and Julie

DEAREST MANNY,

The following letter is to be delivered to my children. Dearest Sweethearts, my most precious children:

Only this morning it looked like we might be together again after all. Now that this cannot be, I want so much for you to know all that I have come to know. Unfortunately I may write only a few simple words; the rest your own lives must teach you, even as mine taught me.

At first, of course, you will grieve bitterly for us, but

you will not grieve alone. That is our consolation and it must eventually be yours.

Eventually, too, you must come to believe that life is worth the living. Be comforted that even now, with the end of ours slowly approaching, we know this with a conviction that defeats the executioner!

Your lives must teach you, too, that good cannot really flourish in the midst of evil; that freedom and all the things that go to make up a truly satisfying and worthwhile life must sometimes be purchased very dearly. Be comforted, then, that we were serene and understood with the deepest kind of understanding, that civilization had not as yet progressed to the point where life did not have to be lost for the sake of life; and that we were comforted in the sure knowledge that others would carry on after us.

We wish we might have had the tremendous joy and gratification of living our lives out with you. Your Daddy who is with me in these last momentous hours, sends his heart and all the love that is in it for his dearest boys. Always remember that we were innocent and could not wrong our conscience.

We press you close and kiss you with all our strength,
Lovingly, Daddy and Mommy,
Julie, Ethel.

P.S. to Manny—The Ten Commandments religious medal and chain—and my wedding ring—I wish you to present to our children as a token of our undying love.

P.S. to Manny—Please be certain to give my best wishes to S* M* Tell him I love and honor him with all my heart—Tell him I want him to know that I feel he shares my triumph. For I have no fear and no regrets—Only that the release from trap was not completely effectuated and the qualities that I possessed could not expand to their fullest capacities—I want him to have the pleasure of knowing how much he meant to me, how much he did to help me grow up—All our love to all our dear ones—Love you so much,
Ethel

APPENDIX

Excerpts from the Rosenbergs' own petition for Executive Clemency to the White House and from a few of the statements made in their behalf by outstanding individuals and organizations in all parts of the world.

PETITION of Ethel Rosenberg for Executive Clemency to the President of the United States (identical petition filed by Julius Rosenberg). *Excerpts:*

Petitioner respectfully prays that she be granted a pardon or commutation of sentence for the following reasons:

FIRST: The primary reason I assert, and my husband with me, is that we are innocent.

We stand convicted of the conspiracy with which we were charged. We are conscious that were we to accept this verdict, express guilt, penitence and remorse, we might more readily obtain a mitigation of our sentences.

But this course is not open to us.

We are innocent, as we have proclaimed and maintained from the time of our arrest. This is the whole truth. To forsake this truth is to pay too high a price even for the priceless gift of life—for life thus purchased we could not live out in dignity and self-respect.

It should not be difficult for Americans to understand this simple concept to be the force that gives us strength—even in the face of imminent death, knowing well that the abandonment of principle might, alone, save our lives—to adhere to the continued assertion and profession of our innocence. Our citizenry has a fine heritage of the right of the individual to protect his good name. Our country has a proud history of struggle to defend right and justice. Many of its finest sons, throughout the years, have defended this birthright

with their lives, and been honored for their courage. It is difficult, rather, to come to believe that this country would shed this cherished tradition, and accept the word of those who betray themselves to curry favors.

Yet, we have been told again and again, until we have become sick at heart, that our proud defense of our innocence is arrogant, not proud, and motivated not by a desire to maintain our integrity, but to achieve the questionable "glory" of some undefined "martyrdom."

This is not so.

We are not martyrs or heroes, nor do we wish to be. We do not want to die. We are young, too young, for death. We long to see our two young sons, Michael and Robert, grown to full manhood. We desire with every fibre to be restored sometime to our children and to resume the harmonious family life we enjoyed before the nightmare of our arrests and convictions. We desire some day to be restored to society where we can contribute our energies toward building a world where all shall have peace, bread and roses.

Yes, we wish to live, but in the simple dignity that clothes only those who have been honest with themselves and their fellow men. Therefore, in honesty, we can only say that we are innocent of this crime.

SECOND: We understand, however, that the President, like the courts, considers himself bound by the verdict of guilt, although, on the evidence, a contrary conclusion may be admissible.

You may even harbor a personal conviction of our culpability. But many times before there has been too unhesitating reliance on the verdict of the moment and regret for the death that closed the door to remedy when the truth, as it will, has risen . . .

We say to you, Mr. President, that the character of evidence on which we were convicted, and the force of the impact of certain circumstances in our case upon the mind of the jury, cannot assure the reasonable mind that this verdict was not corrupt . . .

When we were arrested as spies for the Soviet Union, labeled as "Communists," charged, in the main, with theft of atomic-bomb information from the Los Alamos Project, the mere accusation was enough to arouse deep passions, violent antipathies, and fears, as profound as the instinct of self-preservation. Our "guilt" of the accusation, and our alleged association as confederates, once removed, of Fuchs, was broadcast and confirmed to the public—before trial and out of court—by the F.B.I. and prosecuting officers of the Government, buttressed by the weight of the tremendous prestige which they publicly enjoy . . .

From this community, the jurors who tried us were chosen . . .

THIRD: The Government's case against us stands or falls on the testimony of David Greenglass and Ruth, his wife, and even the Court of Appeals, in affirming this judgment, has explicitly so declared. How firm is a verdict predicated upon the testimony of "accomplices"? Even the rigorous canons of the law recognize that the overriding motive for falsehood requires that the accusations of a trapped criminal, testifying to mitigate or avoid his own punishment, be taken with care and caution, and brand a prosecution founded on such evidence as "weak" and suspect . . .

We have always said that David, our brother, knowing well the consequences of his acts, bargained our lives away for his life and his wife's. Ruth goes free, as all the world now knows; David's freedom, too, is not so far off that he will not have many years to live a life—if we should die—that, perhaps, only a David Greenglass could suffer to live . . .

When David in his trial testimony sponsored sketches of mechanisms—including the cross-section of an atom bomb—drawn as accurate replicas, from the memory without outside aid, of those he asserts were transmitted to us and others, five years before, this was to us a mark of the fabricated nature of his tale. We knew David to be, even as a simple machinist, an incompetent, and otherwise, a scienti-

He is illiterate. Now we are buttressed by the attestation of a disinterested scientist of note, who understanding the nature of David's capacity, indicates that David's word that he made the replicas introduced at the trial, from memory, unaided, could be no closer to the truth than if he had testified that he, as a mortal, was able to and did, run at supersonic speed . . .

Yet, in one instance, where the possibility existed for full independent proof of the perjury, the Government was constrained to concede it. Ben Schneider, a photographer, the Government's "surprise" witness on the sensitive question of flight, was permitted to testify falsely that he had not seen us, from the time he said he took passport photos of us, until the moment he took the stand to testify. The Government admitted, after we had brought this to light, that the day prior to his testimony an F.B.I. agent, at the direction of Prosecuting Attorney Saypol and in violation of the order of the trial court excluding all witnesses, brought Schneider into the courtroom, behind the rail, to identify us privately . . .

The Government, ill-becoming its responsibility in the face of death, cavalierly dismissed its conduct and the Schneider perjury as a "quibble." The Court of Appeals refused us relief on the legal ground that it believed that Schneider had not meant to lie, and that, as to Greenglass, we have not, as yet, produced enough evidence to nail his lies.

In the face of death, however, can minds close themselves to the consideration that these facts may represent the first tears in the tangled web in which we have been caught up? Do they not hold the promise that, in the inexorable operation of time and conscience, all may be unraveled to set us free? . . .

FOURTH: Only one tribunal, the sentencing court, has asserted the correctness of our sentence to death, and only one court has affirmed it: the sentencing court . . .

The maximum penalty was imposed in the belief that our

crime was of "the highest degree." The opinion had no basis in fact and is premised on unfounded assumptions . . .

Within a week after the imposition of the death sentence upon us, the Senate-House Joint Committee on Atomic Energy published a study based upon all the secret and public evidence available to it, including the testimony given at our trial. *Report on Soviet Atomic Espionage*, Joint Committee on Atomic Espionage, 82 Cong., 1st Sess. (U.S. Gov't. Printing Office, April,). This Committee rated Fuchs, May and Greenglass (along with the British Bruno Pontecorvo) as the only important atomic espionage agents, and subordinated us to a minor place . . .

Only prison sentences were meted out to those, according to the United States Government, more culpable or more capable of doing greater harm: Dr. Klaus Fuchs, in England, 14 years; Allan Nunn May, in England, 10 years, released recently after serving less than 7 years of his term; David Greenglass, 15 years; Harry Gold, 30 years. Ruth Greenglass, David's wife, a co-conspirator, though not a defendant, was never indicted for her crime and is presently a free woman.

The sentencing judge refused to consider these lesser sentences as bearing on a proper exercise of his discretion here . . .

No one, other than the trial judge, has even pretended that the atom-bomb material allegedly transmitted in the course of the instant conspiracy, was of any substantial value to the Soviet Union.

As a general proposition, Dr. Harold C. Urey, one of the directors of the atomic bomb project, has affirmed that:

"Any spies capable of picking up this information will get information more rapidly by staying at home and working in their own laboratories." (N.Y. *Times*, March 3, p. 12.)

Specifically in relation to this case, the Government itself, after the trial, conceded that: "Greenglass' diagrams have a theatrical quality," and because he was not a scientist,

"must have counted for little." *Report on Soviet Atomic Espionage*, Joint Committee on Atomic Espionage, 82nd Con., 1st Sess. . . .

It is perfectly clear that such valueless information could have had little effectiveness "in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb," even had they not possessed the "secret." . . .

The United States Atomic Energy Commission itself has supported this view, as quoted in an International News Service release datelined Washington, D. C., December,

"The Atomic Energy Commission Friday bared secret documentary proof that Russia has known the scientific secrets of atom-bomb manufacture since the year the United States began attempts to develop the missile."

Scientific judgment undermines the validity of the trial judge's claim that our alleged conduct, did or could have, put "into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb years before our best scientists predicted Russia would perfect the bomb." . . .

FIFTH: All of the factors in our case militate against death sentences.

No sentences so irrevocable should in justice be here executed. Our asserted innocence is buttressed by the doubt of the fairness of our verdicts, a misgiving generated by external influences upon, and the internal weakness of the case . . .

The facts of our case have touched the conscience of civilization. The compassion of men sees us as victims caught in the terrible interplay of clashing ideologists and feverish international enmities. Adjudged war criminals, guilty of mass murders and the most ghastly crimes, are daily being delivered to freedom, while we are being delivered to death . . .

We have never known the ease of riches or even comfort. At times we have felt the pangs of want. We come from a humble background and we are humble people. Were it

not for the criminal accusations against us, we would have lived out our lives simply, like most people, unknown to the world, except for those few whose lives crossed ours.

We seek relief from sentences that would produce the unutterable tragedy of the destruction of our small family and set a precedent for the abandonment, in America, of the civilized appreciation of the worth of human life.

We appeal to your mind and conscience, Mr. President, to take counsel with the reasons of others and with the deepest human feelings that treasure life and shun its taking. To let us live will serve all the common good. If we are innocent, as we proclaim, we shall have the opportunity to vindicate ourselves. If we have erred, as others say, then it is in the interests of the United States not to depart from its heritage of open-heartedness and its ideals of equality before the law by stooping to a vengeful and savage deed . . .

DR. HAROLD C. UREY, *nuclear scientist*, Nobel Prize winner, in a letter to the *New York Times*:

"After reading the testimony of the Rosenberg case I find that I cannot put to rest my doubts about the verdict and wish to cite the following points:

"(1) Max Elitcher's testimony is of doubtful value. He says that he and Julius talked about espionage but never transferred any information for some five years. This doesn't seem probable to me.

"(2) No certain conspiracy between Sobell and Rosenberg is established.

"(3) The connections to others than Ruth and David Greenglass are not established. Miss Bentley was unable to identify the telephone voice that said, 'This is Julius' with the voice of Julius Rosenberg. If 'Julius' did not refer to him in this case, it probably did not when Harry Gold said, 'I come from Julius' when he met Greenglass in New Mexico. From Gold's testimony it seems that he knew nothing of Rosenberg at all. It seems unbelievable to me that the name

of an arch conspirator would be used in such identification phrases.

“(4) No contact between the Rosenbergs and Anatoli A. Yakovlev is established.

“(5) The Government’s case rests on the testimony of Ruth and David Greenglass. He had pleaded guilty, but had not been sentenced and hoped for clemency. She has never been charged and tried, obviously it seems as a reward for her testimony. A family feud between the Greenglasses and Rosenbergs existed because of a business altercation. The Rosenbergs’ testimony flatly contradicted that of the Greenglasses.

“I found the Rosenbergs’ testimony more believable than that of the Greenglasses, although I realize that I have not had the jurors’ advantage of hearing and seeing the witnesses. Is it customary for spies to be paid in wrist watches and console tables? Greenglass and Fuchs were paid in cash. The Rosenbergs appear to have been as poor as churchmice and the statement that Julius was spending \$50 or \$75 a night in night clubs seems to me a very doubtful one. Had he done this, he would have been obviously and unaccountably rich to all his associates.

“However, even if the verdict is correct, I am amazed at the unequal punishment for the same crime. For the very same conspiracy Ruth Greenglass was never brought to trial, though she admitted her guilt on the witness stand; David Greenglass got fifteen years; Morton Sobell and Harry Gold got thirty years, and Ethel and Julius Rosenberg got death. Only the last two took the witness stand and maintained their innocence. If capital punishment is to be given in the future for espionage I should like to have it introduced in a case for which the evidence rests on the testimony of witnesses who did not stand to profit from their testimony. I do not regard self-confessed criminals as reliable witnesses.

“We are engaged in a cold war with the tyrannical

Government of the U.S.S.R. We wish to win the approval and loyalty of the good people of the world. Would it not be embarrassing if, after the execution of the Rosenbergs, it could be shown that the United States had executed two innocent people and let a guilty one go completely free? And, remember, somewhere there is a representative of the U.S.S.R. who knows what the facts are.

"I strongly urge a careful reconsideration of this sentence."

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN, Princeton, N. J.:

"My conscience compels me to urge you to commute the death sentence of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. This appeal to you is prompted by the same reasons which were set forth so convincingly by my distinguished colleague, Harold C. Urey, in his letter of January 5, 1919, to the *New York Times*."

THE ASSOCIATION DES RABBINS FRANCAIS, Paris:

"The Rabbinate of France, profoundly moved by the death sentence pronounced on Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, but wishing to avoid any exploitation of this plea for political purposes, respectfully appeals directly to you to implore you to use your prerogative of clemency in their behalf.

"Troubled in conscience by certain indications, and convinced together with an important section of public opinion, of the extreme severity of the sentence handed down by Judge Irving Kaufman, the French Rabbinate adds its voice to all those others in Europe—sincere friends of American democracy—in asking this measure of clemency in the very name of our common ideal of justice and generosity which we derive from the Bible.

"With confidence in the spirit of equity and humanity to which your whole life bears testimony, the French Rabbinate hopes, Mr. President, that you will not allow this sentence without precedent in the West, to be carried out, which, in addition to the persons of the Rosenberg couple, will affect two young children."

VINCENZINA VANZETTI, *sister of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, Italy:*

"From what I have read and heard about the Rosenberg case, I have been able to draw many analogies with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, which so moved world public opinion at the time of the trial and of the execution of my brother, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, and his comrade, Nicola Sacco.

"Convinced of the innocence of my brother and his comrade, and of the injustice of which they were victims, moved by the similar movement which is springing up throughout the world to prevent a family from being destroyed by a similar judicial error, I associate myself with this movement in the hope that the Rosenbergs be granted a stay of execution, the reopening of the case, and a revision of the death sentence.

"I hope thus to honor and render justice to the memory of my brother, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who, before dying said: 'I hope to be the last victim of such a great injustice.'

"Mr. President, if the fact of being the sister of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, and because of that having suffered the anguish of a family struck by the pain of seeing a loved one the victim of a judicial error, gives weight to my plea, I implore you to use the power which the Constitution of the United States gives you to stop the execution of the Rosenbergs, to whom two children look for guidance and sustenance in life."

PAUL VILLARD, *attorney, Paris:*

"... I have read the complete transcript of record of the Rosenberg case, which was lent to me for two days; all I knew about the case before was the news published in my daily newspaper, the European Edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. . . . As a general rule, I do not like the idea to make a personal interference with the justice of another country, especially a friendly country as the United States of America. But after reading the official report of the case, I could not refuse to give my name and my help to the Comité Français pour la Défense des Rosenberg. In our

country, according to a well-established jurisprudence of our Supreme Court, a conviction cannot be based on the accusations of a co-defendant . . . it is in the interest of a defendant to do his best to shift all or part of his own responsibility and guilt on the shoulders of the other defendants.

“The testimony of David Greenglass appears to me a very typical and dramatic example of this transfer of responsibility and guilt. I have been several times to the United States and I love and admire this great nation . . . I had the honor to fight with the American Army . . . and I keep the Bronze Star Medal, with Oak Leaf Cluster, which was awarded to me for combat duty, as a precious symbol of this everlasting brotherhood in arms. It is in this spirit that I pray the Lord and hope the cruel sentence passed upon the Rosenbergs will not be executed and that finally their innocence will be recognized.”

SIDNEY SILVERMAN, *Member of the House of Commons*, London:

“ . . . I have no hesitation at all in saying that I contemplate with horror the possibility that the death sentence would really be carried out in such a case by any civilized country: least of all by the United States of America, upon whom history has placed in our time so heavy a responsibility for the wise leadership of so many nations in the onward march of civilization. . . . To exact the supreme penalty from these two unfortunates in these circumstances is to make the Rosenbergs personally responsible for all the errors of all the statesmen of the world which, since the end of the war, have so tragically lost the peace for which we all hoped. . . .”

CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE LEAGUE OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN, Dr. Sicard de Plauzoles, President (similar pleas have been made by the affiliated Leagues of countries in Europe, Central and South America):

•“The Central Committee of the League of the Rights of Man, in whose name I send you this appeal, is unanimous in asking of you clemency for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg.

“We ask you not to see in this request an indiscreet interference with the administration of American affairs, or a political move, but an expression of humane sentiment, in conformity with the traditions of our League.

“The League of the Rights of Man was founded in 1898 in the course of the Dreyfus case, at the darkest hour of that case, just after Zola’s trial, and following Zola’s example, to defend truth and justice.

“It was born out of the great principles of liberty, stemming from both the American and French Revolutions. For more than fifty years, it has never stopped affirming these principles, and asking that they should be applied to all men.

“From the very first, it pledged to defend all victims of injustice, without regard to origin, sex, religion, or beliefs, and, for fifty years it has kept its promise. It has given its assistance to tens of thousands who have been improperly sentenced and it has had the good fortune to save many thousands.

“From the very first, it has pledged to remain independent. It has never sought or accepted the patronage of any trade union group, political party or government. This absolute independence, scrupulously observed, has brought to it general respect . . .

“Its committee is today comprised of men whom you know, Mr. President, to be of the highest character: we may cite, President Paul-Boncour, former head of the French Government for many years, the outstanding French representative in the League of Nations and one of the founders of the United Nations; President René Cassin, vice-president of the highest French administrative jurisdiction, and with Mrs. Roosevelt, one of the most eminent members of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights; M. Georges Boris, state counselor, and permanent delegate from France to the Social and Economic Council of the U.N.; M. André

Boissairie, former Attorney General of France; M. Francis Perrin, professor at the College of France and director of French atomic research. These names alone are a guarantee of the high purpose, the generosity of heart and scruples of conscience which motivate the action of the League.

"... The League does not know whether or not the Rosenberg couple hold the opinions attributed to them. But, whatever those opinions, the League, faithful to the American and French declarations on the Rights of Man to the Universal Declaration proclaimed in 1919 by the U.N.O., does not believe in indictment for beliefs. At the same session at which the Central Committee authorized me to ask for clemency for the Rosenberg couple, it voiced a protest against the Prague trials which had a profound effect upon Europe . . .

"All human judgment, even the most scrupulous, is susceptible to error. What the League knows of the Rosenbergs' trial, leaves it doubtful as to the validity of the charge.

"It seems unbelievable to the League that a petty, ignorant employee like Greenglass, whose testimony was considered decisive, could have secured the secret of the atomic weapon despite strict security regulations and utmost secrecy between departments. It cannot understand that this Greenglass, who, from his own confession was the one who stole the secret, was given only a few years in prison, while the Rosenbergs have been condemned to death for obtaining the secret from him. Finally, it considers, that there is no proof of the transmission of the secret to a foreign power, other than the suspicious and sole testimony of the Greenglass couple. The League does not say positively that an error was committed—it says only, as it believes, as many Europeans bound to the United States by long friendship, that an error could have been made, and that the execution of the condemned would make it irreparable . . ."

JAMES H. WOLFE, *Chief Justice*, Supreme Court of the State of Utah:

"... From the standpoint of justice, I think the conviction rests on too shaky a foundation. No need for me to detail the risk of accepting in a conspiracy charge evidence of confessed conspirators who stand to profit from turning State's evidence. This conviction was obtained during a period of mounting hysteria by evidence of witnesses whom the law considers unreliable because of the very hope of reward or mitigation . . . I think the likelihood that the sketches made by Greenglass (who had no more than a high school education, which included no course in physics) said by him to have illustrated material picked up from overheard conversations at Los Alamos while he worked as a mechanic could hardly have done the great damage feared by Judge Kaufman. Atomic scientists tell us that it would take pages of fine print material and accurate information to intelligently expound the structure of the atomic bomb.

"On the side of mercy, never before has the death sentence been imposed on those guilty of espionage in times of peace, especially where it seems probable that, in spite of Judge Kaufman's expressed concern at the effect of the information supposed to have been passed on, it did not do the slightest good for the U.S.S.R. Of course, if the Rosenbergs were guilty, that would be legally irrelevant, but it certainly would not be irrelevant in the matter of fixing the penalty of death . . .

"... It seems utterly disproportionate to the offense for this couple with two young children to be put to death. There seems to be doubt as to their guilt. In view of that doubt, there should not be carried out a sentence which will work an irretzrievable result if future developments show the pair were innocent . . ."

RABBI MEYER C. SHARFF, New York:

"... I, an Orthodox Rabbi, am firmly convinced that Ethel and Julius Rosenberg and Morton Sobell, charged

with espionage, are entitled to a hearing in the Supreme Court of the United States.

"As a devout Jew, I revere our country's laws, which carry out the humane principles enunciated in the Torah, and I am reminded that the Declaration of Independence is of one piece with our leader Mosès' exhortation: 'Proclaim freedom throughout the land.' Therefore, it is inconceivable to me that in our country a death sentence should be so lightly given, as was the case in the Rosenberg Trial.

"I have studied and pondered long over the facts in the Rosenberg Case, which concern not only one human being, but four living souls, a father, a mother, and two small sons. The saving of one soul, as the saying goes, is the saving of the souls of future generations . . .

"I consider it my profound duty to address myself to friends and foes, to all, be they Jews or non-Jews, irrespective of institutional affiliation, or political persuasion, to participate in the work of securing justice for the Rosenbergs and Sobell."

W. C. HUESTON, *Grand Secretary*, Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the World. Washington, D. C.:

"I am not going into the guilt or innocence of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, but I am joining in with the petition to commute this sentence to life in prison or a lesser term. It seems to me that the United States of America could lessen the harshness of their sentence in keeping with the punishment dealt out by other countries for similar crimes."

DR. BERNARD M. LOOMER, *Dean* of the University of Chicago Divinity School, presenting a petition for clemency to the White House signed by 2,300 Protestant clergymen of 26 denominations:

"I urge you to reconsider your refusal to commute the death sentence of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Together with nearly 2,300 other clergymen, I signed a letter asking

for executive clemency . . . Our unaffiliated group represents an important segment of the Christian clergy of this country . . . All of us, as pastors, are in intimate touch with our people; it is fair to conclude that our opposition to the death sentence is shared by a much larger number of conservative and thoughtful citizens."

LOUIS ARAGON, *author, poet*, Paris:

"Will you . . . express in my name the deep revulsion which I feel at this miscarriage of justice, the tragic comedy of this empty trial, which casts two innocents into the electric chair, two whose only crime, pure and simple, is their opinions, a crime which I, like they, have committed; and the last thought of my dear, and our great Paul Eluard (late French poet—Ed.), turned toward the Rosenbergs, shows us our duty, and should clarify those who may still doubt what 'justice' is in unhappy America . . .

"When death menaces a man and wife, who deny the crime of which they are accused, and which all the evidence does not show they did, when this pure couple face the fate that was McGee's, in spite of the voices raised in the world, it is necessary that French protest . . . make itself louder, more urgent, more indignant than ever, because it speaks, not only to this President . . . but to Lincoln's people, who if they let flow this innocent blood, will have stained their starred flag with a stain that they will, one day, have to wash out with their sweat and tears, like the German people the crematoria of their vanquished masters."

THE VERY REV. C. W. CHANDLER, *Dean of Waikato*, Hamilton, New Zealand:

" . . . I am of the opinion that the evidence upon which these two persons were condemned is of a very slender character. . . . I cannot believe that in this instance the President of your Republic will allow this sentence to stand. It would be cruel, inhuman and barbaric in the extreme and would raise a storm of protest throughout the world . . ."